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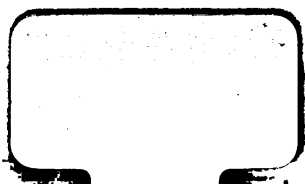
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Ras. E 123



Behold, what Volumes, to the Fires are born!
 What Throngs of Bards their crackling Labours mourn!
 O happy, and secure of evil Fame,
 Had but themselves consign'd em to the Flame!
 But where are they whose Works the Muses prize?
 In Triumph to the Temple, lo! they rise;
 To Jove, and Darlings of the Skies.

THE HIVE.

A Burners COLLECTION

Of the most Celebrated
SONGS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

*Each ravish'd ear extols the heav'nly art
Which sooths our care, and elevates the heart.*



LONDON:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the
Royal-Exchange in Cornhill. 1732.

1871

1871



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A COL.



A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

To FORTUNE.



OR ever, *Fortune*, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the foul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

VOL. IV.

B

For

For once, O *Fortune* ! hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

The DECLAIMER.

WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy creature!
 Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing !
 Most fantastic work of nature !
 Still, like fancy, on the wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing passion,
 Loving, hating, in extrem :
 Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion ;
 And, at best, a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle ! dear illusion !
 Conq'ring weakness ! wish'd-for pain !
 Man's chief glory and confusion,
 Of all vanity most vain !

Thus, deriding beauty's pow'r,
Bevil call'd it all a cheat ;
 But in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at *Callia*'s feet.



No Time like the Present.

TELL me, *Cloe*, why has nature
 Been so partial to your form?
Why in beauty deck'd each feature?
 Think you 'twas to aid your scorn?

No, mistaken charming woman,
 Nature no such thrift requires;
She bestows her gifts in common,
 And our lib'ral use desires.

Then no longer doat on pow'r,
 But let love your thoughts employ;
Use the now propitious hour,
 And improve the instant joy.

Time, tho' slowly, is approaching,
 When that face we now adore,
'Stead of love will cause our loathing,
 Spread with age and wrinkles o'er.

Then while weakly, vainly prating,
 You your former conquests boast,
Who'll regard you, while relating
 What your scorn and folly lost?



MIRA and COLIN.

THE morn was fair, the sky serene,
 The face of nature smil'd,
 Soft dews impearl'd the tufted plain,
 And daisy-painted wild;
 The hills were gilded by the sun,
 Sweet breath'd the vernal air;
 Her early hymn the lark begun,
 To sooth the shepherd's care:

When *Mira* fair, and *Colin* gay,
 Both fam'd for faithful love,
 Delighted with the rising day,
 Together sought the grove:
 And near a smooth translucent stream,
 That silent stole along,
 Thus *Colin* to his matchless dame,
 Address'd the tender song.

‘ Hark, *Mira*, how from yonder tree,
 ‘ The feather'd warblers sing,
 ‘ They tune their artless notes for thee,
 ‘ For thee, more sweet than spring;
 ‘ How choice a fragrance thro' the air,
 ‘ Those spring-born blossoms shed!
 ‘ How seems that violet proud to rear
 ‘ Its purple-tinctur'd head!

• Ah! *Mira*, had the tuneful race
 ‘ Thy heart-bewitching tongue,
 ‘ Who would not fondly haunt the place,
 ‘ Enamour’d while they sung?
 ‘ Ye flow’rs on *Mira*’s bosom preft,
 ‘ Ne’er held ye place so fair,
 ‘ Tho’ oft ye breathe on *Venus*’ breast,
 ‘ And scent the graces hair.

• Shall I to gems compare thine eyes,
 ‘ Thy skin to virgin snows,
 ‘ Thy balmy breath to gales that rise
 ‘ From every new-blown rose?
 ‘ Ah! nymph, so far thy charms outshine
 ‘ The fairest forms we see,
 ‘ We only guess at things divine,
 ‘ By what appear in thee.

’Twas thus enamour’d *Colin* sung
 His love-excited lays;
 The grove with tender echoes rung;
 Resounding *Mira*’s praise:
 And thus cries *Love*, who sported near,
 And wav’d his filken wings,
 What wonder, since the nymph’s so fair,
 So fond the shepherd sings?





TRUE WISDOM.

As swift as time, put round the glass,
And husband well life's little space;
Perhaps the sun, which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting night.

Or if the sun again should rise,
Death ere the morn may close our eyes;
Then drink before it be too late,
And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round,
Let mirth, and wit, and wine abound;
In these alone true wisdom lies;
For to be merry's to be wise.

Against Constraint in LOVE.

Wou'd you gain the tender creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suffring is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charm without the heart!

The

THE SONGS OF THE

The Way to Win Her.

A SWAIN, long tortur'd with disdain,
That daily figh'd, but figh'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address'd,
The refuge of a wounded breast.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

Thus to the jolly god he cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd;
Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff the sneaking form away.

With dauntless form approach the fair;
The way to conquer is to dare.
The swain pursu'd the god's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice:

But smiling, told her sex's mind,
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

*The WHEELER.*

IN vain, dear *Cloe*, you suggest,
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd,
 Or lov'd a fairer she :
 But if at once you wou'd be cur'd
 Of all the ills you have endur'd,
 Look in your glass and see.

And if perchance you there should find,
 A nymph more lovely or more kind,
 You've reason for your tears :
 But if impartial you will prove,
 Both to your beauty and my love,
 How needless are those fears?

If in my way I should, by chance,
 Give or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but whilst I view :
 How faint the glance, how slight the kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
 I still receive from you ?

With wanton flight the curious bee,
 From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free ;
 And where each blossom blows,
 Extracts the juice of all he meets,
 And for his quintessence of sweets,
 He ravishes the rose.

So

So I, my leisure to employ,
In each variety of joy;
From nymph to nymph do roam,
Perhaps see fifty in a day;
They are but visits which I pay,
For *Cloe's* still my home.

Love and Prudence.

ALONE, by a fountain,
I press the cold ground,
Lest the rock and the mountain
My grief should resound.

For the man that's so dear,
I'll never discover,
Lest the eccho should hear;
And repeat to my lover.

The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
Lest the world should upbraid me
With loving too well.

If my truth cannot move,
No fondness I'll show;
'Tis enough that I love,
And too much he should know.



To a Young LADY Weeping.

BEHOLD the skilful artist's hand,
 Controuls our passions at command,
 And with a single note impart,
 Or pain or pleasure to the heart:

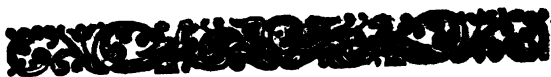
Or, what e'en contradiction seems,
 Blend and unite these two extremes;
 And by a sadly pleasing strain,
 Give us at once both joy and pain.

Thus, while with tears o'erflow thine eyes,
 While that dear bosom heaves with sighs,
 Between two different passions tost,
 I know not which controuls me most.

Who sees that face in grief appear,
 Nor drops a sympathetic tear?
 Yet still our joys just ballance keep,
 Bless'd in thy presence who can weep?



An



An HYMN to Sleep.

God of sleep, for whom I languish,
God of golden dreams and peace,
Gently sooth a lover's anguish,
Help to make his tortures cease.

Spread thy sacred pinions o'er me,
Lull the busy soul to rest;
Then bring her I love before me,
She that's painted in my breast.

If kind as fair, my prize I'll keep,
And, great as *Jove*, the world forsake;
Let me thus blest'd for ever sleep,
And lie, and dream, and never wake.

But should the fair, divinely bright,
Reject my vows, and scorn my flame,
Fly, fly, kind sleep, restore the light,
Let *Strephon* see 'twas all a dream.



LOVE



LOVE *preferr'd* to GLORY.

LOVE, spread all thy sweet treasures,
 Thy own triumphs to crown;
 Youth, mirth, and smiling pleasures
 Are slaves to thy glad throne.

Glory is but a bubble,
 Lost ev'n while we pursue,
 'Tis all tumult and trouble,
 Flatt'ring only to view.

But once beauty possessing,
 Joy rolls circling on joy:
 Transports past all expressing,
 Which still tasted ne'er cloy.

Give, *Love*, give me to languish,
 Thy dear shafts I invite;
 When most feeling thy anguish,
 Then most feel we delight.





The EARL's Defeat.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase.*

GOD prosper long from being broke,
The ★ luck of *Eden-Hall*;
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,
Duke *Philip* took his way;
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

The stout, and ever-thirsty duke
A vow to god did make,
His pleasure within *Cumberland*,
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir *Musgrave* too of *Martin-dale*,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

* *A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

The

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The earl of *Harold's* ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus flighted by my peers?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick;
And, master sheriff, come you too,
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl *Harold* come;
(Did one at table say)
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began, Great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me; sure this
You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this offence,
Under the board shall lie.
I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But

But trust me, *Wharton*, pity 'twere
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide:
Accurst be he, duke *Philip* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotham* fair,
Many a pint went round ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

When at the last the duke espy'd
He had the earl secure ;
He ply'd him with a good pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor :

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke *Philip* took
The sick man by the joint,
And said, Earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drunk this pint.

Alack!

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink ;
For surely a more sober earl
Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff in a rage,
To see the earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd Sir *Kit*.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of *Gang-hall*,
Fast by the river *Swale* :

Who said, he would not have it told,
Where *Eden* river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by ;
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now when these tidings reach'd the room
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that the 'squire so suddenly
Upon the floor was laid.

O heavy tidings ! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witness be,
I have not any captain more,
Of such account as he.

Like

Like tidings to earl *Harold* came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too,
Was fallen from his place.

Now god be with him, (said the earl) .
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my town,
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir *Bains* he scorn'd to yield ;
But with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end ;
And each man of the slain,
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His senses to regain.

God bless the king, the dutches's fat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Mongst noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our royal prince,
The kingdom's other hope :
And grant us grace for to defy
The devil and the pope.



M A D T O M.

IN my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
 I range around the world;
 'Tis I, *Mad Tom*, drive all before me;
 While to my royal throne I come,
 Bow down, my slaves, and adore me,
 Your sov'reign lord *Mad Tom*.
 What tho' the sceptre that I bear
 Is all but dream and air,
 I've the pleasure of crowns
 Without the care:
 And tho' I give law
 From beds of straw,
 And drest in a tatter'd robe,
 The madman can be
 More a monarch than he
 That commands the vassal globe.

C U P I D *over-reach'd.*

YOUNG *Cupid* I find,
 To subdue me inclin'd,
 But at length I a stratagem found,
 That will rid me of him:
 For I'll drink to the brim,
 And unless he can swim,
 He like other blind puppies will drown.



Fruition a FOIBLE.

IN vain you tell me love is sweet,
And boast of its delights;
I hear you talk of nothing yet,
But restless days and nights.

For when you have your love enjoy'd,
You find the bliss so small,
You either think your lover cloy'd,
Or that you ha'n't him all.

THYRSIS and SACHARISSA.

THYRSIS a youth of the inspired train,
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but love in vain;
Like *Phæbus* sung the no less am'rous boy,
Like *Daphne* she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as *Phæbus* self might use;
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong;
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like *Phæbus* thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love and fill'd his arms with bays.

Charming

DISPERSED SONGS*Charming CLOE.*

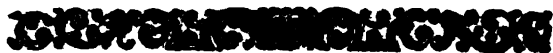
TRANSPORTING *Cloe*, lovely fair,
 How beauteous do thy charms appear,
 When smiling graces from thee spring?
 A thousand *Cupids* in thy eyes,
 To touch the heart with sweet surprize,
 Their bows with vigour string.

Goddeſs of immortal pleaſure,
 In thy arms is beauty's treaſure:
 Charming rays around thee ſhine,
 Roſes in thy cheeks are blowing,
 Muſick from thy accent flowing;
 Love creates thee all divine.

The Conſtant T A R.

LOVE like wind is often changing,
 Like the ſea it ebbs and flows;
 Let the youth whoſe heart is ranging,
 Fear the nymph whom moſt he knows.

But give me, fate, one faithful pilot,
 To direct and guide my ſoul:
 Changing lovers then I'll ſmile at,
 She's my magnet, ſhe's my pole.



Success crowns the Daring.

CANTATA.

KINDLY, fate, at length release me,
Life has nothing now can please me,
Since Corinna flights my pain :
Hope a while may make us languish,
And indulge the flatt'ring anguish,
But despair soon breaks the chain.

Thus to his lyre the drooping swain,
Did of the cruel nymph complain ;
And Zephyrs wafted thro' the grove
The murmurs of his hapless love :
The queen who favours soft desire,
And kindles ev'ry am'rous fire,
Wing'd down her flight, the swain to cheer,
And warbled comfort in his ear :

Rouse, and conquest lies before you,
Passion will the nymph disarm :
In pursuit of love and glory,
Bold attempts alone can charm.

EffcB



Effect of Kindness.

CANTATA.

Air. *LOVE frowns in beauteous Mira's eyes;
 Ah! nymph, thy cruel looks give o'er;
 While love is frowning, beauty dies,
 And you can charm no more.*

Recit. Mark how when fullen clouds appear,
 And wintry storms deface the year,
 The prudent cranes no longer stay,
 But take the wing, and thro' the air,
 From the cold region fly away,
 And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes repair::
 Just so my heart; — but see, ah! no:
 She smiles; I will not, cannot go.

Air. *Love and the graces smiling,
 In Mira's eyes beguiling,
 Again their charms recover:
 Wou'd you secure our duty,
 Let kindness aid your beauty,
 Ye fair ones, sooth the lover.*

MENS



M E N S Diffimulation.

I SE tell thee, false loon, 'tis in vain
Of thy passionate love to complain;
 'Tis muckle confusion,
 When beauty's illusion,
Confines a man's soul in a chain.

If cannot believe there's a loon,
In country, in city, or town,
 Whose tongue and whose heart,
 The truth will impart,
When to years of full manhood he's grown.

L O V E a Distemper.

L OVE's a distemper that comes with high feeding;
And is cur'd like a fever, by emptying and bleeding;
It seizes the brain, and the head runs on fancies,
That all the young wenches are queens in romances;
But the love-fit soon over, pretty miss proves a dowdy,
And her passionate lover an arrant dull looby.

L I G H T

*LIGHT a Foe to Love.*

BEGONE, begone, thou too propitious light,
 Intruder to my joys,
 Thou canst not give such dear delight,
 As thy approach destroys.

Just now *Amanda*, full of charms,
 Lay panting, yielding in my arms,
 Crying, Ah *Stephen*, now let's live,
 Take all you ask, or I can give.

But at thy blushes conscious grown,
 Of too great freedom she had shown,
 She check'd her flame, and blushing too,
 Away the airy vision flew.

*Emptiness of LOVE.*

IN vain we say that love's the best
 Of all our human joys;
 If not obtain'd, it breaks our rest,
 If once possess'd, it cloy.

The

*The Reasonable Exchange.*

IF *Cælia's* eyes are so divine,
T' attract so many hearts,
Say, *Damon*, if you can define,
What mighty mischief she wou'd do,
Were we to take a nicer view,
Of all her other parts ?

Then pr'ythee, *Damon*, once be kind,
And some good nature shew ;
Tell *Cælia*, tell her, as my friend,
'Tis meerly just she shou'd resign
Whatever heart she has of mine,
Or give me one in lieu.

Advice to Young Ladies.

FAIR ones, while your beauty's blooming,
Use your time, lest age refusing
What your youth profusely lends,
You're depriv'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.



Beautiful COLLINDA.

IN summer's solstice, scorch'd with heat,
Collinda seeks a cool retreat,
 By purling streams in flow'ry groves,
 Attended by a train of loves:
 What beauties in the nymph appear!
 Her shape, her face, and sprightly air,
 Thro' every graceful motion shine,
 And all the nymph appears divine.

Her comely locks all careless flew,
 At every gentle breeze that blew;
 And rudely left expos'd to fight,
 Her lovely breasts all snowy white;
 Her silken wrapper loosely hung,
 Which (ever as the wind blew strong)
 Discover'd such a shape and air
 As might with goddesses compare.

Had *Paris*, when he judg'd the prize,
 Twixt the contending deities,
 On *Ida's* mount, *Collinda* seen,
Cytherea sure had rivall'd been;
 Another *Helen* he'd possess'd,
 Far moreauteous than the first,
 Whose pow'ful charms wou'd gods inspire,
 Nor *Troy* alone, but *Europe* fire.

Joy!



Jays of Constancy.

IRIS, your lovely fatal eyes
Command such pow'rful darts,
No wonder if you one despise,
To wound a thousand hearts.

But cou'd you guess the vast delight,
To constant lovers known,
You wou'd your thousand conquests slight,
And rule my heart alone.

The Amorous Swain made Happy.

AN am'rous swain to *Juno* pray'd,
And thus his suit did move,
Give me, oh! give me the dear maid,
Or take away my love.

The goddess thunder'd from the skies,
And granted his request:
To make him happy, made him wise,
And drove her from his breast.



The Benefit of Reason in Love.

TENDER hearts to every passion
 Still their freedom wou'd betray;
 But how calm is inclination,
 When our reason bears the sway!

Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
 Often teach us to deny;
 Whilst we fly, they fondly woe us,
 If we grow too fond, they fly.

The Wishing LOVER.

LOVELY charmer, dearest creature,
 Kind invader of my heart,
 Grac'd with every gift of nature,
 Grac'd with every help of art.

Oh! cou'd I but make thee love me,
 As thy charms my heart have mov'd,
 None cou'd e'er be blest above me,
 None cou'd e'er be more belov'd.

Doubtful



Doubtful LOVE confirm'd.

ALAS! when charming *Sylvia's* gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve, and hope, yet fear;
Thoughtless of all but her, I rove:
Ah! tell me, is not this to love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?
I die with grief when she must go;
But I revive at her return,
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Transports so sweet, so strong, so new,
Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah! no, 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;
For who e'er saw bright *Sylvia's* eyes,
But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
Gods! if the truest must be blest,
Oh, let her be by me possess'd!



*The Ecstatick* LOVER.

TELL me, dear charmer, tell me, Why
 All other joys so quickly cloy,
 All but the joys of loving thee,
 And they alone immortal be?
 They neither dull the mind nor sense,
 Nor lose their pleasing influence.

For ever I, with fierce desire,
 Cou'd gaze on thee, and never tire;
 My ravish'd ears cou'd all day long
 Feast on the musick of thy tongue;
 And when that fails, yet still in you
 I something find that's ever new.

The Dreadful CHARMER.

THE bright bewitching *Cloe's* eyes,
 A thousand hearts have won,
 Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
 Securely keeps her own.

Ah! what a dreadful dame are you,
 Who, if you e'er design
 To make one happy, must undo
 Nine hundred ninety nine?

Beauty



Beauty and Musick improv'd by Kindness.

VENUS, thy throne of beauty now resign,
Behold on earth a conqu'ring fair,
Who more deserves love's crown to wear;
Not thy own star so bright in heav'n does shine,

Ask of thy son her name, who, with his dart,
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
Who sings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inspire,
With his own art to give a surer wound.

Hark! ye groves, her songs repeat,
Eccho lurks in hollow springs,
And, transported whilst she sings,
Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.

Could Narcissus see or hear her,
From his fountain he wou'd fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.

Yet *Venus* once again my song attend,
 And when from heav'n you shall descend,
 This shining empress to array,
 When you present her all your train of loves,
 Your chariot, and your murmur'ing doves, (gay;
 Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest more
 Then smiling to th' harmonious beauty say :

To a lovely voice and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd;
Love can make you doubly fair;
Musick's sweeter when you're kind.

The Toper's Testament.

SHOU'D I die by the force of good wine,
 'Tis my will that a tun be my shrine;
 And for the age to come,
 Engrave this story on my tomb:
 Here lies a body once so brave,
 Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And raise an everlasting name,
 Drink, drink away; drink, drink away,
 And there let's be nobly interr'd;
 Let misers and slaves pop into their graves,
 And rot in a dirty church-yard.

To

~~SONG FOR THE MISTRESS~~

To his Coy Mistress.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the *Venus* in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise.

But, cruel goddess, when I find,
Diana's coldness in your mind,
How can I bear that fixt disdain?
My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

Tyrant Cupid, when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
Or remove from mine the dart.

But, see! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the am'rous tale to take delight,
And looks as she wou'd let me live;
Yet still she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That, while she love denies, she yet forbids despair.

Fear not, doubting fair, I approve me,
Can you love me?
Frown not if you answer no;
When again I ask, pursuing,
If you'll stay and see my ruin,
Fly, but let me with you go.

VERTUMNUS

VERTUMNUS and POMONA.

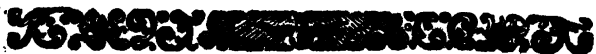
TRANSFORM'D, in female shape, both old and lame,
 The god *Vertumnus* to *Pomona* came;
 But when the goddess all her store display'd,
 He, thus disguis'd, address'd the list'ning maid.

*Goddeſs, lovely and divine,
 Guardian of each fruitful tree,
 A while thy darling joys decline,
 And lend an ear to love and me :
 Blooming beauties ſhou'd be kind,
 And take the bleſſing while they may ;
 For time is ſwift, and love is blind,
 And paſſion cools, when charms decay.*

While he appear'd thus odious in her eyes,
 The goddess did his strains deſpiſe;
 But when, transform'd by pow'r divine,
Vertumnus did with blooming graces ſhine,
 Then ſung *Pomona* all amaz'd,
 While on the youthful ſwain ſhe fondly gaz'd,

*Successful happy charmer,
 'Tis you alone can warm her,
 Who never lov'd before ;
 Be bleſt as I can make you,
 I never will forſake you,
 But love you ever-more.*

The



The MAIDEN'S Consolation.

WHAT garrs the foulish mayde complain,
That *Willy* proves a faithless loone ?
E'en let him gang his gate amayne,
Ye'as find still mear when he is gone:

He was a bonny, bonny lad, 'tis true,
And soon a lass cou'd win ;
But sen he's gone, e'en let him gang,
And bare th' huke, and bare th' huke ag'in.

To Lengthen Life.

COU'D a man be secure, that life wou'd indure,
As of old, a thousand good year,
What arts might he know, what acts might he do,
And all without hurry or care ?

But we, who have but span-long lives,
The thicker must lay on our pleasure,
And since time will not stay, add the night to the day,
And thus we may lengthen the measure.

The



The SPRING.

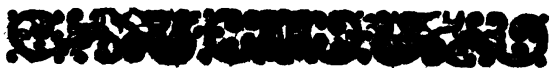
FRAGRANT Flora, haste, appear,
 Goddess of the youthful year,
 Zephyr gently courts thee now :
 On thy bed of roses playing,
 All thy breathing sweets displaying,
 Hark ! his am'rous breezes blow.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
 The tuneful Collinet his voice did raise ;
 The vales re-murmur'd with his lays,
 And list'ning birds hung hov'ring on the wing ;
 In whisp'ring sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
 While thus the shepherd did his song renew.

Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 Come, this charming season grace ;
 Smile, ye fair, your joys bestowing,
 Spring and youth will soon be going,
 Seize the blessings ere they pass.



The



The Parting of DELIA and DAMON.

A DIEU, ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewel each song that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of *Delia* and of *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasing passion,
Till *Delia's* mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hang on each tongue,
Their eyes refus'd their usual meeting;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu,
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas!

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her;
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear; I fear, for ever!

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me;
And, more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

Infant Love Unsteady.

LOVE, kindled in a breast too young,
Is but a wand'ring fleeting passion;
In riper years it grows more strong,
When reason seconds inclination.

Young *Strephon* did on *Cælia* doat,
His tend'rest vows were all for her;
Yet soon his vows were all forgot,
When charming *Flavia* did appear.

So tender plants, by milder rays,
Are cherish'd and preserv'd 'till noon;
But soon their fading bloom decays,
When shin'd on by a warmer sun.

The



The T O P E R ' s P e t i t i o n .

MAY the gods be propitious, and so much my friends,
To supply me with bumpers, while vigour they
'Tis no matter to me what they fate for my end. (lend;

With mirth unconfin'd, let my moments slide on;
'Tis in vain to repine, or our destiny shun:
All our life's but a puff that will quickly be gone.

Then to day let our hopes drive away dull despair,
And our bumpers be crown'd with some beautiful fair:
Let to morrow alone, 'tis not worthy our care.

L I F E I m p r o v ' d .

SINCE the day of poor man,
That little little span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the future, and past,
Is spent with remorse and despair:
With such a full glass,
Let that of life pass,
'Tis made up of trouble,
A storm, tho' a bubble,
There's no bliss like forgetting our care.

The

THE BASFUL LOVERS.

The Basful LOVERS.

A GENTLE warmth comes o'er my heart,
 Short pleasing sighs too blow the fire;
 Beauty and youth can ne'er want art
 To brighten eager love's desire.

I sigh, and she trembles,
 Yet her eyes shew some joy,
 Which she'd fain dissemble,
 By seeming more coy:
 Pr'ythee be no more coy,
 Pr'ythee, *Cynthia*, my dear,
 We were made to enjoy
 The sweet pleasure we fear.

GRAVITY *Insipid.*

How insipid were life without those delights
 In which jolly brisk youths spend their days and
 their nights?
 Unhappy grave wretches, who live by false measure,
 And for empty vain shadows refuse real pleasure:
 To such fools, while vast joys on the witty are waiting,
 Life's a tedious long journey, without ever baiting.



The NOVELIST.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature,
Give me, at least, but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature.

Tho' I beheld, in your wand'ring eyes,
The wanton symptoms of ranging,
Yet I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

The ANSWER.

WHY shou'd you blame what heav'n has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
But nature's inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one;
But, if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new one.

THE ENCHANTING BOWER.*The Enchanting BOWER.*

WHEN the bright god of day
 Drove to westward each ray,
 And the ev'ning was charming and clear ;
 The swallows amain
 Nimble skip'd o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear :

In a jessamine bower,
 (When the bean was in flower,
 And *Zephyrs* breath'd odours around)
 Lovely *Cælia* she sat,
 With her fong, and spinet,
 And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

Rosy bowers, she sung,
 Whilst the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all fluttering arrive ;
 Th' industrious bees,
 From the flowers and trees,
 Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

Now the gay god of love,
 As he flew o'er the grove,
 By *Zephyrs* conducted along,
 As she touch'd on the strings,
 He beat time with his wings,
 Whilst *Echo* repeated the song.

O ye

O ye mortals, beware,
 How ye venture too near,
 Love doubly is armed to wound :
 Your fate you can't shun,
 For you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the found.

The ALTERNATIVE.

IF *Phyllis* denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;
 Tho' she laughs at my am'rous grief,
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?

The sparkling champaign shall remove
 All the cares my dull soul has in store :
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And, by drinking, what can I do more?

Wou'd *Phyllis* but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.





Happy MYRTILLO

ON a grassy pillow
 The youthful Myrtillo,
The youthful Myrtillo
 Transported was laid,
 In his arms a creature,
 Whose e'ery feature,
Whose e'ery feature

For conquest was made,
 To his side he clasp'd her,
 And fondly grasp'd her,
And fondly grasp'd her,
 While she cry'd, Oh dear,
 Oh dear Myrtilla,
 Had I known your will, oh!
Had I known your will, oh!
 I'd never came here.

Streams gently flowing,
 And Zephyrs blowing,
And Zephyrs blowing,
 Ambrosial breeze,
 A swain admiring,
 And all conspiring,
And all conspiring
 The charmer to please;

The

The dear nymph complying,
No more denying,
No more denying,

A silent grove:
Oh! blest *Myrtillo*!
You may, if you will oh!
You may, if you will oh!
Be happy as *Jove*.

Now the devil's in it,
If such a minute,
If such a minute
The shepherd cou'd lose;
No, no, *Myrtillo*,
Has better skill-o,
Has better skill-o

His moments to chuse,
The delightful treasure
Of love and pleasure,
Of love and pleasure,
He boldly seiz'd,
And like *Myrtillo*,
He had his fill-o,
He had his fill-o
Of what he pleas'd.



CUPID

*CUPID'S Two Strings.*

My easy heart,
With single dart,
Has no small anguish found;
But love has now,
Two strings to's bow;
Both wit and beauty wound.

Such guns or spears
Who sees or hears
Of death may take his choice,
For tho' he flies
Her piercing eyes,
She'll reach him with her voice.

When wit persuades,
And beauty leads
Our senses all to joy,
Not *Dido's* guest
Cou'd guard his breast
Against the *Cyprian* boy.

But if his bow,
And arrows too,
Were broken all, and lost,
None cou'd withstand
Her naked hand,
They'll feel it to their cost.

The



The Fatal Falshood.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
 Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face:
 Till luckless love, and pining care,
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lilly pale,
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair:
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Too!

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 ' The solemn boding sound;
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke,
 The virgins weeping round ::

• I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 ' Which says, I must not stay;
 • I see a hand, you cannot see,
 ' Which beckons me away.
 • By a false heart, and broken vows,
 ' In early youth I die:
 • Was I to blame, because his bride.
 ' Was thrice as rich as I?

• Ah, *Colin* ! give not her thy vows,
 ' Vows due to me alone;
 • Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 ' Nor think him all thy own.
 • To-morrow, in the church to wed,
 ' Impatient, both prepare;
 • But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
 ' That *Lucy* will be there !

• Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
 ' This bridegroom blythe to meet,
 • He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 ' I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she dy'd; her corse was born,
 The bridegroom blythe to meet,
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then

Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts?

How were their nuptials kept?

The bridesmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,

And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,

At once his bosom swell:

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,

He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah bride no more!)

The varying crimson fled,

When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,

She saw her husband dead.

Then to his *Lucy's* new-made grave,

Convey'd by trembling swains,

One mould with her, beneath one sod,

For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind,

And plighted maid are seen;

With garlands gay, and true-love knots,

They deck the sacred green;

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,

This hallow'd spot forbear;

Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,

And fear to meet him there.





*Written by N. ROWE, Esq; in his Lady's
Illness.*

To the brook, and the willow, that heard him com-
Ab willow ! willow ! (plain,
 [These words to be sung between each Line.]

Poor *Colin* went weeping, and told them his pain;
 Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe:
 All restless and painful, my *Cælia* now lies,
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies;
 To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers, repair,
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your
 Let me be left restless, my eyes never close, (care ;
 So the sleep that I lose, give my dear one repose ;
 Dear stream ! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
 Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep :
 But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe ;
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give ;
 One fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall betide ;
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side :
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thy self haste,
 Bear this to my willow ; this verse is my last.

Ab willow ! willow ! ah willow ! willow !

The



The Constant Swain, and Virtuous Maid.

SOON as the day begins to waste,
Straight to the well-known door I haste,
And rapping there, am forc'd to stay,
While *Molly* hides her work with care,
Adjusts her tucker, and her hair,
And nimble *Betty* scow'rs away.

Ent'ring, I see, in *Molly's* eyes,
A sudden smiling joy arise,
As quickly check'd by virgin shame;
She drops a court'sey, steals a glance,
Receives a kiss, one step advance;
If such I love, am I to blame?

I sit and talk of twenty things,
Of south-sea stock, or deaths of kings,
While only Yes, or No, cries *Molly*:
As cautious she conceals her thoughts,
As others do their private faults;
Is this her prudence, or her folly?

Parting, I kiss her lips and cheek,
I hang about her snowy neck,
And say, Farewel, my dearest *Molly*;
Yet still I hang, and still I kiss;
Ye learned sages, say, is this
In me th' effect of love, or folly?

No ; both by sober reason move,
 She prudence shews, and I true love ;
 No charge of folly can be laid :
 Then, 'till the marriage rites proclaim'd
 Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd,
 The constant swain, and virtuous maid.

MUSIDORA'S Complaint.

SAD *Musidora*, all in woe,
 A silent grotto seeks,
 No more herself on plains does show ;
 But, sighing, thus she speaks ;
 Why was I born of high degree ?
 An humble shepherdes
 Had been much happier far for me
 Than all this gaudy dress.

A sumptuous palace full of joy
 To me a dungeon is,
 And all that mirth does me annoy,
 Which others count for bliss.
 Then, lost in grief, the lovely maid
 Retir'd from all the throng,
 And on a bank reclin'd her head,
 While tears ran trickling down.

The



The SHEEP - SHEERING.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and the violets blow,
 When the birds sing us love-songs on every bough;
 When couflips, and daisies, and daffadils spread,
 And adorn, and perfume the green flow'ry mead;
 When, without the plow, fat oxen do low,
 The lads and the lasses a sheep-sheering go;
 The cleanly milk-pail
 Is fill'd with brown ale,
 Our table, our table's the grafs;
 Where we kifs and we sing,
 And we dance in a ring,
 And ev'ry lad, ev'ry lad has his lass.

The shepherd sheers his jolly fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was in
 'Tis our cloth and our food, (*Greece!*)
 And our politick blood,
 'Tis the seat, 'tis the seat, which our nobles all sit on;
 'Tis a mine above ground,
 Where our treasure is found,
 'Tis the gold, 'tis the gold and silver of *Britain*.

*The MISER'S Misery.*

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give!
Ever busy, the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live:

Inviron'd from morning to night in a crowd;
Not a moment unbent or alone;
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his power,
But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest;
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching, the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye:
Such a wretch let mine enemy live if he please,
Let not even mine enemy die.

Coyne's

*Coyness more tolerable than Pride.*

Aⁿ, cruel beauty! cou'd you prove
More tender, or less fair,
You neither wou'd provoke my love,
Nor cause me to despair ;
But your dissembling charming eyes
My easy hope beguiles,
And tho' a rock beneath them lies,
The tempting surface smiles.

To what your sex on ours impos'd'
My humble love comply'd ;
And when my secret I disclos'd,
Thought modesty deny'd :
Yes, sure, said I, her yielding heart
Partakes of my desire,
But nicer honour feigns this part,
To hide the rising fire.

Against your mind, my suit I told,
And slighted vows renew'd,
Yet you, insensibly, were cold,
And I but vainly woo'd ;
Then for return a scorn prepare,
Or lay that frown aside :
Affected coyness I can bear,
But hate insulting pride.

*The Sweets of Contentment.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd ;
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
Whilst sweet meditation and chearful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvy'd, I'll challenge my part,
For every fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

CHANCE-



CHANCE-MEDLEY.

As, on a sun-shine summer's day,
 I to the green wood bent my way;
 The lonely path my fancy took
 Was guided by a silver brook:
*And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd, and innocent.*

Upon its flow'ry bank I sat,
 Regardless or of love or hate,
 So took my pipe and 'gan to play
 The jolly shepherd's roundelay:
And trust me, trust me, &c.

All in the self-same shady grove,
 Youthful *Sylvia* chanc'd to rove,
 And, by its echo led, drew near,
 My rural oaten reed to hear;
But surely, surely, all she meant, &c.

I held her by the glowing hand,
 She something seem'd to understand;
 Her swelling sighs, her melting look,
 That something too, too plainly spoke:
But trust me, trust me, &c.

When

When I beheld her slender waist,
 Her iv'ry neck, her panting breast,
 Her blooming cheek, her sparkling eye,
 Gods! was there ought I cou'd deny:

But sure 'till then, all, all I meant,

Was to be pleas'd, and innocent.

When I her charms had wander'd o'er,
 My heart was then my own no more;
 Into her circling arms I fell:

What follow'd then, I dare not tell;

We only both were in th'event.

Well pleas'd, if not so innocents.

The **Passionate** *LOVER.*

OH! forbear to bid me flight her;

Soul and senses take her part:

Cou'd my death itself delight her,

Life wou'd leap to leave my heart:

Strong, tho' soft, a lover's chain,

Charm'd with love, and pleas'd with pain.

Tho' the tender flame were dying,

Love wou'd light it at her eyes;

Or, her tuneful voice applying,

Thro' my ear, my soul surprize.

Deaf, I see the fate I shun!

Blind, I hear —and am undone!

The



The Grateful TOAST.

LET the waiter bring clean glasses,
With a fresh supply of wine;
For I see by all your faces,
In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty
Which I purpose to proclaim;
We a while will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
Let's have one full glass at least;
No one here can think't imposing,
'Tis the founder of our feast.

To make the Best of Time.

MORTALS, seize your fleeting treasure,
Only found in love's soft pleasure;
Make the most of life you can:
Quick, enjoy — (it is but reason)
Every inch, in youth's gay season,
Of your narrow, narrow span.

Wine



WINE *preferr'd* to LOVE.

IF to love and good wine
 Your heart thou'd incline,
 Great *Bacchus* gives th' only true pleasure;
 The follies of love
 Will quickly remove;
 'Tis drinking has joys above measure;
 All friendship is here:
 Come, kiss me, my dear;
 No embrace like a solid full glass:
 By love you can gain
 No more but a chain,
 And then you will look like an ass.

See! look on this wine;
 The charms are divine,
 Which ever will smile to invite ye;
 'Tis pure, without art,
 No tricks, or false heart,
 And never will fail to delight ye.
 Fond love is a bubble,
 A toil, and a trouble,
 It brings neither profit nor ease:
 To *Bacchus* we'll sing,
 Always young as the spring;
 'Tis wine that adds length to our days.

Chorus.

Chor. Fill, fill every one his glass,
About then let it pass;
A pox of love, there's nought but dulness in it;
A bumper gives the only happy minute.

On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

COME, let a chearful glass go round,
To *England's* brave retriever;
Let all our cares in this be drown'd;
Curse on the unbeliever.

Pale envy yields to his desert;
United, whig and tory
Are both agreed to bear a part
In ecchoing of his glory.

England's belov'd *Germanicus*,
Bavaria's scourge and ruin;
Who came, and saw, and conquer'd thus,
Great *Cesar's* steps pursuing.

Worthy of all we can bestow,
Distinguish'd by her favour,
To whom we all our blessings owe,
Next to the gods who gave her.

The



The Knights of the BATH.

My masters, give ear,
 And a story you'll hear,
 Of a fine raree-shew, and a garter;
 Ne'er was seen such a fight,
 Since *Tom Thumb* was a knight,
 In the days of our noble king *Arthur*.

In the abbey that day,
 They did all things but pray:
 There were ale, cakes, and gin, for the rabble;
 Such doings unclean
 In a place ne'er were seen,
 Since the time that old *Paul's* was a stable.

The way that they took
 Was thro' an old crooked nook,
 In order they might not be seen-a;
 Long scaffolds had they,
 To shew them the way,
 Where they seldom or never had been-a.

They all walk'd; for the prince
 Did with riding dispense,
 And with bathing a troublesome rite-a:
 For he knew 'twas in vain,
 They'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
 No more than a blackamoor white-a.

'Tis

'Tis true that they took
A strong oath on a book,
In the times of old popery known-a;
To be true all their lives,
To maids, widows, and wives,
And all ladies; excepting their own-a.

Which oath if they broke,
Then the sovereign's cook
Was to hack of the spur of each don-a:
But 'tis well if he cou'd,
For his eyes must be good
To see that they had any on-a.

Now this being done,
They to dinner did run,
With stomachs so sharp, and so keen-a;
As they used to do,
Without grace they fell to,
Ne'er minding the chaplain, their dean-a.

To finish it all,
They at night had a ball,
Where the ladies were dress'd to receive 'em:
What further was done,
Is better unknown,
So it's decent that there we shou'd leave 'em.





A Lesson for the LADIES.

WHEN deceitful lovers lay
 At thy feet their suppliant hearts,
 And their snares spread to betray
 Thy best treasure with their arts,
 Credit not their flatt'ring vows;
 Love such perjury allows.

When they with the choicest wealth
 Nature boasts of have possess'd thee,
 When with flow'rs, their verses stealth,
 Stars or jewels do invest thee;
 Trust not to their borrow'd store,
 'Tis but lent to make thee poor.

When with poems they invade thee,
 Sigh thy praises or disdain;
 When they weep, or wou'd persuade thee,
 That their flames beget that rain;
 Let thy breast no baits let in,
 Mercy's only here a sin.

Let no tears, or off'rings move thee,
 All those cunning charms avoid;
 For that wealth for which they love thee,
 They wou'd slight if once enjoy'd;
 Guard thy unrelenting mind;
 None are cruel but the kind.



A King at ARMS Disarm'd at LAW.

Occasion'd by

A late TRIAL at Guild-hall.

YE fair injur'd nymphs, and ye beaux who deceive
'em,

Who with passion engage, and without reason leave 'em,
Draw near, and attend, how the hero I sing
Was foil'd by a girl, tho' at *arms he was king*.

Derry down, &c.

Crests, motto's, supporters, and bearings knew he,
And deeply was studied in old pedigree;
He wou'd sit a whole ev'ning, and not without rapture,
Tell who begot whom, to the end of the chapter.

Derry down, &c.

In forming his tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,
That this man died *cœlebs*, and that *sine prole* :
At last, having trac'd others families down,
He began to have thoughts of increasing his own.

Derry down, &c.

A damsel he chose, not too slow of belief,
And fain wou'd be deem'd her admirer *in chief* :
He *blazon'd his suit*, and the sum of his tale,
Was, *his field and her field, join'd party per pale*.

Derry down, &c.

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G

In

In diff'rent stile, to tie faster the noose,
 He next wou'd attack her in soft billet-doux :
 His *argent and sable* were laid aside quite ;
 Plain *english* he wrote, and in plain *black and white*.
Derry down, &c.

Against such *atchievements*, what beauty cou'd fence?
 Or who wou'd have thought it was all but pretence?
 His pain to relieve, and fulfil his desire,
 The lady agreed to join hands with the 'squire.
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, in a fret, that the jest went so far,
 Consider'd, with speed, how to put in a *barr* :
 His words bound him not, since hers did not confine her;
 And that is plain law, because miss is a minor.
Derry down, &c.

Miss briskly reply'd, that the law was too hard,
 If she who is minor, may not be a *ward* :
 In law then confiding, she took it upon her,
 By justice to mend those foul breaches of honour.
Derry down, &c.

She handled him so, that few wou'd (I warrant,)
 Have been in his *coat*, on so *steeveless* an errand :
 She made him give bond for stamp'd *argent* and *or* ;
 And *sabled* his *shield*, with *gules blazon'd* before.
Derry down, &c.

Ye

Ye heralds, produce, from the time of the *Normans*,
In all your records, such a base non-performance:
Or if without instance the case is we touch on;
Let this be set down as a blot in his 'scutcheon.
Derry down, &c.?

The TABLES Turn'd.

SUE to *Cælia* for the favour,
Why shou'd poor deluded man?
As if he were sole receiver,
And return'd no bliss again.

Were not love condemn'd to blindness,
Surely he wou'd quickly find,
Tho' to him she feigns the kindness,
She is to herself most kind.

Let us banish then the fashion,
And be resolutely brave;
Since it is their inclination,
Let 'em ask before they have.





*To Mrs. M. H. On her working a Coat
in Silks.*

WHEN *Mira's* hands her needle thread,
What gaudy scenes our eyes surprize;
To view a grove or flow'ry bed
Beneath her snowy fingers rise !

In every leaf such beauties dwell,
So fair they spread, so full they bloom;
Her skilful fingers far excell
The painter's quill, or artist's loom.

On the rich bed fresh roses blown,
The jasmine and the myrtle meet,
And, as they mingle, seem to own
More fair her cheek, her breath more sweet.

That lilly from her hand she took,
Which with the snow in whiteness vies;
That bright carnation from her look;
That shining am'rant from her eyes.

Those opening buds, but half reveal'd,
That promise soon a fairer hue,
Shew like her breasts with lawn conceal'd,
Which boast their sweets and softness too.

What

What tho' the absent fun, retir'd,
The naked field no longer warms?
Each blossom, by her art inspir'd,
Opens as wide, as gaily charms.

Thy flow'rs for ever hold their prime;
Nor frosts, nor chilling winters fear;
Since near thy hoop, that happy clime,
'Tis spring or summer all the year.

Pity, lov'd maid, that envious years,
Thy youth shou'd hurt, thy sweets consume:
When wrought by thee, each bud appears.
Unchang'd, and always in its bloom.

Each youth with thee must surely grieve:
The partial rigour of the sky;
That *Mira's* works must bloom and live,
When *Mira's* beauties fade and die.

A few fair months our gardens charm;
Now flourish, and anon decay:
Each season on thy coat is warm,
And every verdant month is *May*.

Let autumns then the lilly hide,
Our roses blast, our myrtles chill:
When seated close to *Mira's* side,
'Tis *June*, or fragrant *April* still.

Victorious

Victorious nymph! whose hand has done
 Beyond weak nature's fainter power:
 Waking each plant without the sun;
 Swelling each bud without the shower.

When every field beside is seen
 Robb'd of its pride, we here behold
 Gay spreading stems of lively green,
 And yellow fruit of ripening gold.

WIT and BEAUTY too hard a Match.

WHEN from her beauty long I've strove
 To free my doating heart,
 Her wit brings back my flying love,
 And charms it down by art.

Then, when her wit I've often foil'd,
 With one commanding view,
 I'm by her eyes again beguil'd,
 And captive took anew.

Her wit alone were vain; alone
 Her beauty wou'd not do;
 But what the devil can be done,
 With wit and beauty too?

The



The PAUPER'S Comfort.

LOVE is now become a trade,
All its joys are bought and fold;
Money is a feature made,
And beauty is confin'd to gold.

Courtship is but terms of art;
Portion, settlement, and dower,
Softens the most obdurate heart;
The lawyer only is the wooer.

My stock can never reach a wife;
It may a small retailing whore;
Let men of fortune buy for life,
A night's a purchase for the poor.

LOTHARIA'S Excellence.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May;
How shou'd empty sun-shine warm me,
While *Lotharia* keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me,
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky:
Sweeter notes her voice can give me;
Softer sun-shine fills her eye.

Power



Power of Love and Good Wine.

FILL all the glasses, fill 'em high,
 Drink, drink, and defy all pow'r but *Love* :
 Wine gives the slave his liberty,
 But *Love* makes a slave of thund'ring *Jove*.

Drink, drink away,
 Make a night of the day;
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine;
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.

AMARYLLIS admonish'd.

FIE *Amaryllis*, cease to grieve,
 For him thou never canst retrieve;
 Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee?
 Scorn the wretch that love denies thee.

Call pride to thy aid,
 And be not afraid
 Of meeting a swain that is kind;
 As handsome as he,
 Perhaps he may be,
 At least a more generous mind.

The



The TRUTH in WINE.

FILL the bowl with streams of pleasure,
Such as *Gallia's* vintage boast ;
These are tides that bring our treasure ;
Love and friendship be the toast.

First, our mistresses approving,
With bright beauty crown the glass ;
He, that is too dull for loving,
Must, in friendship, be an ass.

Pylades is with *Orestes*
Said to have one common foul,
But the meaning of the jest is
In the bottom of the bowl.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
Often is the truth found out,
Which wou'd cost a world of thinking ;
Spare your pains, and drink about.





FEAR Overcame.

THE evening streak'd, like an apple, so fair,
Invited me into a meadow,
Thro' which I did wander, I hardly knew where,
Till bright *Cynthia's* rays made a shadow.

At a distance a voice did alarum my soul,
With a sonnet so soft and so pleasing,
That quite thro' each vein the sweet musick did roll,
And my heart it did thump without ceasing.

Attraction, that draws a man more than a team,
Conducted me to a tall willow,
Where under its whistling boughs, near a stream,
A young maiden had chose a soft pillow.

My shadow appear'd, and it startled the maid,
Who quickly arose, and was flying ;
But strait, I cry'd, Goddess, O be not afraid,
For it's I'm in most danger of dying.

The nymph, in her hurry, strait flew to my arms,
All trembling and panting, so frightened :
She said to me, Sir, I pray save me from harms,
That threaten a virgin benighted.

On the instant I fell on my knees, and did swear
By her beauty that shone in each feature;
That no more she shou'd fear either danger or care,
Nor regret that I ever did meet her.

With words that were like sugar-candy so sweet,
I mov'd her till she did sit by me,
On the falshood of men some time she did treat,
And each motion of love did deny me.

Till believing, at length, by my pressing complaint,
That I lov'd her as any man cou'd do,
On the bank she recliningly fell, as tho' faint,
While I acted as every man shou'd do.

LOVE a Tempest.

LOVE's a tempest, like the ocean,
Passions cross the deep deform;
Rude and raging tho' the motion,
Virtue fearless braves the storm:

Storms and tempests may blow over,
And subside to gentle gales;
So the poor despairing lover,
When least hoping, oft prevails.

*The LOVER'S Enquiry.*

STAY, shepherd, stay, I pr'ythee stay,
 Did not you see her go this way?
 Where can she be, can you not guess?
 Alas! I've lost my shepherdes.

I fear some satyr has betray'd
 My wand'ring nymph out of the shade;
 Oh, woe is me! I am undone,
 For in the shade she was my fun.

The pink, the violet, and the rose,
 Strive to salute her as she goes;
 Nay, be content to kiss her shoe,
 The primrose and the dazey too.

Oh, woe is me! what must I do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Methinks the valleys cry, Forbear,
 And sighing say, She is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Where may she be, can you not guess?
 Where may I find my shepherdes?

Warning



Warning to the FAIR.

As *Flavia*, in the fleeting glafs,
Beheld the ruins of her face,
She sigh'd, and on her arm her head
Reclining, thus, with tears, she said.

• Be warn'd by me, ye beauteous fair!
• Nor live to know my just despair:
• When youth and beauty call, obey,
• Nor for a second summons stay.

• Once I was young, as you are now,
• Like you wore scorn upon my brow,
• Like you was lov'd of every swain,
• Who sigh'd unheeded, gaz'd in vain.

• Ah foolish pride! ah partial fate!
• Ah youth, that wont on beauty wait!
• Say all, and tell poor *Flavia* why,
• The swains that lov'd her from her fly?

• Why, when contending rivals strove,
• (And happy who cou'd *Flavia* move!)
• Did I not then, as now I do,
• Think beauty the adorer's due?

- Or rather why, since now I know
- What 'tis to laugh at *Cupid's* bow;
- Am I depriv'd of all those charms,
- That sat the rival world in arms?

The Cause of COYNES.

H e himself courts his own ruin,
 That with too great passion sues 'em;
 When men whine too much in wooing,
 Women will like coquets use 'em :
 Some, by this way of addressing,
 Have the sex so far transported,
 That they'll fool away the blessing,
 For the pride of being courted.

Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some blockhead buys the favour ;
 Presents have more power o'er 'em,
 Than all our soft love and labour :
 Thus, like zealots, with screw'd faces,
 We our fooling make the greater,
 While we cant long-winded graces,
 Others they fall to the creature.



The



The HEART and EYE at Variance.

WHILST ON *Aminstor's* form I gaze,
And listen to his voice,
Strephon in vain his wealth displays,
Love leaves no room for choice.

But oh, the force of pomp and shew!
How fickle women are!
Let but *Aminstor* from me go,
My eyes for wealth declare.

Quick then, *Aminstor*, to me fly,
With boldness play thy part;
The gaudy prospect charms my eye,
But love alone my heart.

Every Man's GOOSE a SWAN.

FOND husbands, I charge ye, to night,
Each cherish his fair in his arms,
When closely, for fear of a spright,
They hug ye with tender alarms.

The word is *For better for worse*—
The rovers this lesson shou'd con;
Let each, to avoid a wife's curse,
Still take his own goose for a swan.



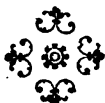
The Neglected NOSEGAY.

Go, happy flow'rs, *Corinna* said,
 Ye hyacinths, and violets blue,
 Your sweetest odours gently shed
 On *Strephon*, sweeter far than you.

Strephon the gift with thanks receiv'd,
 The gift his thanks more precious made;
Corinna smil'd; for she believ'd,
 (Mistaken fair!) what *Strephon* said.

With *Laura* now at cards he plays,
 The gaudy nosegay lying by;
 The nosegay *Laura's* eye surveys,
 He guess'd her meaning in her eye.

And go, too happy flow'rs, he said,
 Ye hyacinths, and violets blue,
 Your sweetest odours gently shed
 On *Laura*, sweeter far than you.



To SYLVIA Frowning

AH! *Sylvia*, never baulk my pleasure,
To make my eager passion rise ;
The prudent chuse no fairy treasure,
That always from possession flies :
If you'd therefore look more killing,
Drive those fullen frowns away ;
In the smiling nymph, that's willing,
All is charming, all is gay ;
Consenting blushes spread the growing fire,
And, with fresh fuel, still supply desire.

The Old COQUET.

THE old coquet, whom time, in vain,
Wou'd bow beneath his iron reign,
With wanton airs, attempts to move,
In youthful hearts, the warmth of love ;
Her naked breasts in vain are shewn,
No eyes attracting but her own ;
Her own, their former lustre gone,
Gaze, but are not gaz'd upon :
Sad change! at once, in thee, we view
The lover and the mistress too.

The



The UNACCOUNTABLE.

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number, a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone; with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs:
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
Her answer confounds, while her manner indears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!
And only, when dreaming, imagine my woe.

Then:

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and, dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thy self to the grave.

To a Jealous HUSBAND.

TELL me, *Sileno*, why you fill
With fancied woes your life?
Why's all your time expended still
In thinking, or in talking ill,
Of your too virtuous wife?

For, faith, I can't see to what end
You keep her up so close;
Nor how you cou'd yourself offend,
That, like a snail, my gloomy friend,
You never leave your house.

Ah! were she but advis'd by me;
Her many taunts and scorns
With int'rest shou'd refunded be;
She'd make a perfect snail of thee,
By decking thee with horns.





On a LADY stung by a Bee.

As *Cælia* in her garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of harm;
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew,
To taste the tempting bloom;
But with a thousand sweets in view,
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The daring little thing;
But, first the snowy arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful sting.

Once only cou'd that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not so the darts of *Cælia's* eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! wou'd the short-liv'd burning smart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless love.

Love



Love and Despair accounted for.

WHILE, from my looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of my mind,
My heavy eyes, you say, confess,
A heart to love and grief inclin'd :

There needs, alas ! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found ;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as op'ning east are fair ?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair ?

The wretch in double fetters bound,
Your potent mercy may release :
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophets, my grief wou'd cease.



Advice

*Advice to BRITISH NYMPHS.*

YE nymphs of *Britain*, to whose eyes
 The world admits the glorious prize
 Of beauty to be due;
 Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
 Let neither flattery insnare,
 Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

Old *Bromio's* rank'd among the beaux;
 Young *Cynthia* solitary goes,
 Unheeded by the fair!
 Ask you then what this preference gives?
 Six *Flanders* mares the former drives,
 The latter but a pair.

Let meaner things be bought and sold,
 But beauty never truck'd for gold;
 Ye fair, your value prove!
 And, since the world's a price too low,
 Like heav'n, your ecstasies bestow
 On constancy and love.

But still, ye gen'rous maids, beware,
 Since hypocrites to heav'n there are,
 And to the beauteous too:
 Do not too easily confide;
 Let every lover well be try'd,
 And well reward the true.

CLOR'S

NOTES ON THE SONGS

CLOE'S Excellence.

WHAT-e'er I do, where-e'er I go;
My *Cloe's* all my darling theme;
By day no other thought I know,
By night no other pleasing dream.

The flow'rs, that paint the fragrant mead,
Are emblems of my blooming dear;
My *Cloe* there I faintly read,
For *Flora* smiles less winning fair.

The spicy gales, which fan the leaves,
And gently curl the crystal flood,
Describe my *Cloe* when she breathes
Ten thousand sweets throughout the wood.

The birds, that hail the genial spring,
And warbling grace each vocal spray,
Surpass'd by *Cloe*, hang the wing,
And cease the various trilling lay.

The lamb, that skips with bounding heels,
Along the dewy verdant plain,
My *Cloe's* innocence reveals,
My *Cloe's* pleasant sprightly vein.

Beauty

Beauty and sense, in ample grace,
In full perfection gaily drest,
Charm us in *Cloe's* mind and face,
And sweetly rob us of our rest.

Minerva wife, and *Venus* fair,
Have jointly form'd the dang'rous maid ;
Fly then, ye swains, nor pry too near,
To gaze, alas ! is to be dead.

The COMPLAINT.

WHEN first you took my heart as a prize,
Due to the pow'r of your conq'ring eyes :
If ever I thought my captivity sweet,
'Twas when you allow'd me to lie at your feet.

But now so ungrateful you are grown,
All my kind services you disown ;
And when that I ask you to lengthen my chain,
You always answer me, Love has no pain.

Oh ! did you know but the pain I endure,
Sure you wou'd never deny me the cure ;
But since it is so, I must hope for no ease,
Since my physician won't know my disease.

*The COBLER'S End.*

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate, (hall,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
If at night he cou'd purchase a jug of brown nappy,
He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, Just to a hair, I've made both ends meet,
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant, as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart;
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part,
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way,
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a *Jew*, or a *Turk*;
 When ever he spoke, she wou'd flounce and wou'd tear,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair,
Derry down, &c.

He took up his *aul*, that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
 He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the *sole*,
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll,
Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
 All cobblers take notice of this *cobbler's end*:
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
 That love brings us all to an *end* at the *last*, (past,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

To attain a Long Life.

COME, hear me, my boy, hast a mind to live long,
 Take a dose of brisk claret, and part of a song;
 A gen'rous heat good wine does impart,
 And time to good musick is beat by the heart:
 Let each be content with his own proper store,
 And keep ourselves honest, tho' the world keeps us
 poor.



In Praise of CLARET.

IN spite of love, at length I find,
A mistress that can please me;
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me:
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind:
Then drink, and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

Chor. Then drink, &c.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover;
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd sense:
Then kiss, and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

Chor. Then kiss, &c.

But, best of all! she has no tongue,
Submissive she obeys me;
She's better old by far than young,
And still to smiling sways me;

Her skin is smooth, complection black,

And has a most delicious smack :

Then kifs, and neve spare it,

'Tis a bottle of good claret.

Chor. *Then kifs, &c.*

If you her excellence wou'd taste,

Be fure you use her kind, fir ;

Clap your hand about her waift,

And raise her up behind, fir ;

As for her bottom never doubt,

Push but home, and you'll find it out :

Then drink, and never spare it,

'Tis a bottle of good claret.

Chor. *Then drink, &c.*

The LOVER'S Death.

MYRTILLO, am'rous, young, and gay,

The beauteous *Flavia* lov'd ;

Sighing at her feet he lay,

Till sighs her pity mov'd.

My fair, he cry'd, your lover dies,

If you refuse your charms :

Die when you please, the nymph replies ;

But die in *Flavia's* arms.

On



On his MISTRESS who Squints.

Few can avoid the common ills
Attending cruel eyes,
And fewer those when *Sylvia* kills,
Or ruins by surprize.

Th' admiring crowd approach the fair,
And do with wonder gaze,
And none suspect a danger there,
She looks so many ways.

Thus the fair tyrant, in disguise,
Secures the heedless swain;
And when he's dazzled by her eyes,
Unknown, puts on her chain.

So porcupines, from every part,
Their arrows do let fly,
Whilst we, regardless of the dart,
Are wounded by't, and die.



WINE

*WINE before LOVE.*

BRING, bring my mistress to my arms,
Let me the flask embrace;
Here are the true, the pow'rful charms,
And none in *Cælia's* face.

How bright, how sparkling are her eyes!
How fragrant is her breath!
Kiss me, my love, my life, she cries,
Press me, my dear, to death.

The flowing joys have reach'd my heart,
They glide thro' every vein;
What heat, what strength, does wine impart!
What pleasure without pain!

While, love, how frail are all thy joys!
How soon do they expire!
He loses all, who but enjoys;
What feeds, puts out the fire.

*Ever*



Ever Fair, Ever Young.

WHEN *Sylvia's* charms were in their bloom,
I was an early slave,
And saw enough to know my doom,
That I must die ere I presume
To tell what I wou'd have.

Her eyes were flames that scorch'd my heart,
Her voice my senses won ;
Her wit, her humour, bore a part,
Without design, disguise, or art,
To shew I was undone.

Absence I thought might ease my care,
Or make her charms less strong ;
Or time her beauty might impair :
But she who always will be fair,
For ever must be young.



The

*The LADY's Three Things.*

Two ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast,
 And misers are envy'd, when wealth is increas'd;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
 And the miser's a wretch, when he pays for the feast.

The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move;
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.

Excellency of VIRTUE.

Is there on earth a pleasure
 Dearer than virtue's fame?
 In vain's the real treasure,
 When we have lost the name.

Then let each maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest care;
 Once lost, she'll ne'er regain it,
 All, all is then despair.

The



The Enthusiastick T O P E R.

C O M E, here's to the nymph that I love;
Away, ye vain sorrows, away,
Far, far from my bosom be gone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive;
Come, fill up your glasses around;
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done ; and my fancy's exalting,
With every gay blooming desire ;
My blood with ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving;
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold ; what has *Love* to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder——
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;
 Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confusion—
 Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd;
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly god *Bacchus*, here's to thee;
 Huzza, boys, huzza, boys, huzza!
 Sing *Io*, sing *Io* to *Bacchus*,
 Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial?
 Come, tune up your voices and sing;
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high;
 Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come, mount, or adieu; I arise,
 In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
 The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
 I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this!
 Thro' *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd;
 And now — oh! my head it is knock'd
 Upon some confounded new world.

Now,

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See, yonder bright blazes a star;
Where am I? — behold the *Empyreum*,
With flaming light streaming from far!

CLOE'S Moderation.

LET other beauties boast in vain,
How they a heart insnare,
Which they by artful means obtain,
And but preserve with care;
Whilst *Cloe*, with resistless pow'r,
Does all mankind subdue:
As are her conquests every hour,
So are her charms still new.

Yet she, for whom so many die,
Neglecting does surprize,
As loth the utmost force to try,
Of her victorious eyes;
Her influence she does moderate,
And some in pity spare,
That beauties of a lower rate
May have a little share.





The Too Curious SWAIN.

ON thy fair banks, O *Medway*, long,
 A youth his sheep had fed;
 On thy fair banks, his future care,
 The tender lambkins stray'd :
 Happy, had fate detain'd at home
 The simple youth too fond to roam.

Happy, alas ! till curious late,
 He listen'd to the tale,
 Near *Tunbridge* salutary springs,
 What beauties grace the vale;
 Beauties that make the barren soil
 And craggy rocks of *Tunbridge* smile.

He came, and *Cælia*'s dang'rous charms
 Beheld with eager gaze :
 So round a torch's glimm'ring light,
 Th' admiring insect plays ;
 Like that he gaz'd, and in his turn,
 He saw it shine, and felt it burn.

Th' unhappy youth, by love undone,
 By late experience found,
 That *Cælia*'s scorn deny'd the cure,
 Whose eyes had giv'n the wound,
 Helpless and hopeless, pin'd away,
 In tears by night, and sighs by day.

By

By *Colin's* fate be warn'd, to view
The fair with cautious eyes;
This place is *Cupid's* empire seat,
And who can shun surprize;
Since few can hope, and all must fear,
Where *Kingsley*, *Mead*, and *Byer* appear?

The Happy MAN.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crowds and noise;
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys;
Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancies eas'd.

Every passion wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale;
Every state of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail:
Happy man, who thus possesses
Life, with some companion dear;
Joy, imparted, still increases;
Griefs, when told, soon disappear.

*The Faithful Lover.*

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pity'd all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excells in every grace ;
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow ;
Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then *Hymen's* sacred bond shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

A SONG, by an Unfortunate Gentleman.

COME, old *Time*, and use thy fickle,
Life's a weight I cannot bear ;
Cares are constant, fortune fickle ;
All our joys but trifles are.

Friends are shadows that deceive us,
In our wants they disappear ;
The world's too base, for heav'n to give us
Any real blessings here.

*Chanson à boire.*

FROM good liquor ne'er shrink,
In friendship we'll drink,
And drown all grim care and pale sorrow:
Let us husband to-day,
For time flies swift away,
And no one's assur'd, no, no one's assur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the grave sages
That grac'd the past ages,
Dad *Noah* the most did excell;
He first planted the vine,
First tasted the wine,
And got nobly drunk, and got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why shou'd not we,
Get as bosky as he,
Since here's liquor as well will inspire?
Thus I fill up my glass,
I'll see that it pass,
To the manes, to the manes, of that good old fire.

STREPHON



STREPHON *and* FLAVIA.

WITH every lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother,
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for another.

Yet when his love the shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late, at a ball, he own'd his pain;
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.

The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny;
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay;
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her footman strait,
And rush'd from out the room;
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And — lay with *Ralph* at home.

DAPHNIS

*DAPHNIS and CLOE.*

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms a-cross, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind;
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My *Cloe* is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear, in your sweet notes,
 My *Cloe's* voice, that wakes my pains.
 Yet why shou'd you your songs forbear?
 Your mates delight your songs to hear,
 But *Cloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood.
 I feel a sound, my heart-strings move;
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung,
 No, 'tis *Cloe's* sweeter tongue:
 Hark! hark! what says my love?

How

How simple is the nymph, she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain?
 Nature still speaks in womens eyes;
 Our artful lips are made to feign:
 Oh! *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart, thy love deny'd;
 Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with trickling motion flew:
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew:
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
 Then, hadst thou press'd my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd:
 That lip shou'd other pleasure seek.
 Much, much thy musick I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more, to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
 Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd:
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue wou'd now my heart obey;
 Ah! *Cloe*, thou art won!

The

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing *Cloe* lay :
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face ;
Confus'd, she knew not what to say :
At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to-day.

IRIS'S Caution.

I RIS, on a bank of thyme,
With a sigh, and weeping eyes,
Said to lovely *Celamine*,
Let not men your heart surprize ;
Men are all compos'd of lyes.

Tho' a thousand oaths they swear,
And as many vows repeat ;
All they swear is common air,
All they promise, but deceit ;
Man was never constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your heart,
From the tyranny of fate ;
For only they can act their part,
When love has its return of fate ;
Then repentance comes too late.

A



A SONG of SIMILIES.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long ;
Or like a *March* hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For tho' as drunk as *David's* sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber cou'd see
The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone ;
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts found as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart wou'd be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair;
Her eyes as black as jet:

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites:

Brisk as a body-louse she trips;
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips;
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king;
Good lack! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do,
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And as the gospel true.

If I and *Molly* cou'd agree,
Let who wou'd take *Peru*;
Great as an emp'ror shou'd I be,
And richer than a *few*.

Till

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

The Ardent Lover.

No, no, I ne'er shall love thee less,
For all thy fierce disdain;
So fast thy blooming charms increase,
Thy sparkling eyes my heart oppress,
Each glance renews my pain.

Yet must I, fate, like busy flies,
Still to thy brightness turn;
Pursue thee with my restless eyes,
Till, as each flaming blush does rise,
Insensibly I burn.

The



The SNAKE in the GRASS.

My heart inclines your chains to wear,
But reason will not stoop ;
I love that angel's face, but fear
The serpent in your hoop.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love ;
But oh ! what pains succeed,
When darts shall pins and needles prove,
And love a fire indeed ?

The fly about the candle gay
Dances, with thoughtless hum ;
But short, alas ! his giddy play,
His pleasure proves his doom.

The child, in such simplicity,
About the bee-hive clings,
And, with one drop of honey, he
Receives a thousand stings.





LOVE and FOLLY.

LOVE and *Folly* were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise,
They fell out, and in the fray,
Folly put out *Cupid's* eyes.

Strait the criminal was try'd,
And had this punishment assign'd,
Folly shou'd to *Love* be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

Then wisely let's venture,
Ourselves to deceive,
Since fate has decreed us,
To love and believe.

For all we can gain
By our wisdom and eyes,
Is to find ourselves cheated,
And wretched, when wise.



Happy



Happy Dick.

To the Tune of Gossip Joan.

WHENCE comes it, neighbour *Dick*,
That you with taste uncommon,
Have serv'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?

Happy Dick!

Each *Belle* condemns the choice
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
But we your friends rejoyce,
That you have judg'd so rightly,

Happy Dick!

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten thousand pounds,
Ten thousand charms are center'd,

Happy Dick!

Beauty we know will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd flower;
Nor can the fairest maid:
Insure her bloom an hour,

Happy Dick!

116 *A Collection of Songs.*

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient;
As the curious value coin
The more for being antient,

Happy Dick!

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her,

Happy Dick!

Oft is the married state
With jealousy attended;
And hence, thro' foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended,

Happy Dick!

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone, for life,
Or much we all shall wonder,

Happy Dick!

Her death wou'd grieve you sore,
But let not that torment you;
My life! she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you,

Happy Dick!

On

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the devil's in her,

Happy Dick!

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given;
How falsely, you can tell,
Who find it such a heaven,

Happy Dick!

With you, each day and night
Is crown'd with joy and gladness;
While envious virgins bite
The hated sheets for madness,

Happy Dick!

With spouse, long share the bliss
Y'had miss'd in any other;
And when you've buried this,
May you have such another,

Happy Dick!

Observing hence, by you,
In marriage such decorum,
Our wiser youth shall do
As you have done before 'em,

Happy Dick!

DUNSMORE



DUNSMORE Plain.

YE knights of *la Mancha*, whose powerful sword,
 No fair injur'd damsels in vain yet implor'd;
 Attend to the tale of us nymphs in distress,
 Secure of our love, if our wrongs you redress,
Derry down, &c.

As late on the plains of famous *Dunsmore*,
 Of lords, knights, and 'squires, a numerous store,
 Bites, jockies, and parsons assembled amain,
 And belles in gilt chariots adorn'd all the plain,
Derry down, &c.

There rural fox-hunters in plenty were seen,
 Smart cocks, and plate-buttons, and doublets of green;
 And while at our coaches they ogle and loll,
 They tickle our fancies with thoughts of a ball,
Derry down, &c.

But now friendly shades introduce the kind night,
 And the dear precious hours of pleasure invite,
 When we, from the beaus, hop'd the devil and all,
 Tho' loaded with *powder*, they give us no ball,
Derry down, &c.

To

To the *Bear* they adjourn'd, where they finish'd the
 They toasted our health, but with a dry bob; (job,
 His soul with *French* claret each hero did swill,
 And while the *cups* mov'd, the ball it stood still,
Derry down, &c.

Fair *C-ve's* with bright *Sh-b-gb* and *L-u-r's* gay
 Must all to the charms of a bumper submit; (wit,
 Oh! who will believe it, when fame shall aver,
 That C——n did *Bacchus* to *Venus* prefer?
Derry down, &c.

But why, with the rest, trusty *C-ve*, did' you fail,
 Who ne'er on the ladies was known to turn tail?
 I fear some field nymph did our pleasures forestal,
 And disabled our spark that night for a ball,
Derry down, &c.

Perhaps a strange truth we may seem to advance;
 That *Pet—e* now first baulk'd the nymphs of a dance;
 But no wonder we sigh unregarded by all,
 Since e'en our own member affords us no ball,
Derry down, &c.

Ye nobles, and commons, near *Dunsmore's* wide plain,
 Who of the bad times, and bad tenants complain;
 By sympathy mov'd, with our wishes comply,
 Who now, like your farms, unoccupied lie.
Derry down, &c.

But

But still we have hope, and the muse, that indites
 This sonnet, inspires prophetic flights;
 That times will improve, and next race yield a ball,
 And nymphs and high taxes together shall fall.

Derry down, &c.

CLOE and IRIS.

WANTON *Cloe*, young and charming,
 Kindles but a short-liv'd fire;
 Fickle humours, love disarming,
 Quench the flame her eyes inspire.
 So a gliding vapour, shining
 Bright as stars that deck the skies,
 Swiftly from its height declining,
 Glitters in its fall, and dies.

Iris, every grace adorning,
 Gently warms my fond desire;
 Sighs for every sigh returning,
 Like a vestal feeds the fire,
 Hiding still the secret pleasure,
 From the prying vulgar eye;
 Still resigning all her treasure,
 Giving, without pain, the joy.

The



The Country Lass's Ambition.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass,
I read it plainly in my glafs,
That for a dutchefs I might pass :
Oh, could I see the day !
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a Stand by, clear the way.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'll turn up my nose ;
Oh, could I see the day !
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some lord, or duke, my prize ;
And then, oh ! how I'll tyrannize,
With a Stand by, clear the way.

Oh ! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and plays, and balls, all night ;
Oh, could I see the day !
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will :
With a Stand by, clear the way.



MOLLY MOG.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover,
 What hath been the cause of your woes,
 That you pine and whine, like a lover ?
 I've seen *Molly Mog* of the rose.

O nephew ! your grief is but folly,
 In town you may find better prog ;
 Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
 A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women at best are a clog ;
 But I'm not so easily frightened
 From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day ;
 The school-master's joy is to flog ;
 The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day* ;
 But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-a-wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding,
 Thro' ditch, and thro' quag-mire, and bog ;
 But no light can set me a-madding,
 Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For

For guineas in others mens breeches,
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

The heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
Now there's nothing can give satisfaction,
But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*,

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid* and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper, with writing
Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.

If I wou'd not give up the three graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog;
And, at court, all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the family royal,
 In bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal,
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phyllis*,
 And writing another eclogue,
 Both his *Phyllis* and fair, *Amaryllis*
 He'd give up for my sweet *Molly Mog*.

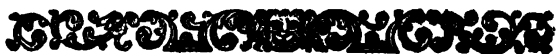
When she smiles on each guest, like the liquor.
 Then jealousy sets me agog:
 To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.

The Dazling BEAUTY.

As *Persians* stretch their votive arms
 To *Phœbus* in his rising state,
 I gaze on dear *Myrtilla's* charms,
 And meet those eyes that dart my fate.

So the fond moth round tapers plays,
 Nor dreams of death in such bright fires;
 With joy he hastes into the blaze,
 He courts his doom, and there expires.

CELIA'S



CLELIA'S Self-Reflection.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me long,
But I was peevish, and forbad him;
I wou'd not hear his loving song;
But now I wish, I wish I had him.
Each morning when I view my glass,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when wrinkles seize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing;

My beauty, once so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying;
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
Ah! we may see ourselves to be
Like summer-fruit that is unshaken;
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a season rare,
But five and twenty is the devil:
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug no more your lonely pillow;
For women are like other fruit,
They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be reclaimed;
Which now I may tell to my cost,
Tho' but myself none can be blamed:
If then your fortune you respect,
Take the occasion when it offers;
Nor a true-lover's suit neglect,
Lest ye be scoff'd for being scoffers,

I, by his fond expressions, thought,
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, past my hopes, he's gone a-ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let not coyness prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er-foolish nice,
Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens old* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretful rank be number'd,
As long as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A punishment, and hated brand,
With which none of us are contented;
Then be not wise behind the hand,
That the mistake may be prevented.

*The*



The DECAY.

SAY not, *Olinda*, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languish'd vigour of your eyes,
And that once only-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart,
On aged wings, attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart;
It faints, and flutters at your feet.

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties still;
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish with your heat;
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.





The JOYS of FRUITION.

CLOE, when I view thee smiling,
Joys coelestial round me move,
Pleasing visions care beguiling,

Guard my state, and crown my love.
To behold thee gaily shining
Is a pleasure past defining,

Every feature charms my sight:
But, oh heav'ns! when I'm caressing,
Thrilling raptures, never ceasing,
Fill my soul with soft delight.

Oh! thou lovely dearest creature!

Sweet enslaver of my heart!
Beauteous master-piece of nature!

Cause of all my joy and smart!
In thy arms enfolded lay me,
To dissolving bliss convey me,
Softly sooth my soul to rest;
Gently, kindly, oh my treasure!
Bless me, let me die with pleasure,
On thy panting snowy breast.



On



On Mrs. CECILIA B——

DIVINE *Cecilia*, now grown old,
Must yield to one of fresher mold.
Her strains brought angels down to hear,
And listen with a ravish'd ear:

But here's such harmony of shape,
Might tempt them to another rape;
And make them leave their heav'n behind,
To wed the daughters of mankind.

There needs no angel from the skies,
A real goddess charms our eyes;
As *Venus* to *Aeneas* prov'd,
So look'd, so talk'd, so smil'd, so mov'd.

When *Purcell's* melting notes she sings,
Applauding *Cupids* clap their wings,
Mistake her for their *Cyprian* dame,
Her infant too for one of them.

She graceful leads the dancing choir,
As smooth as air, as quick as fire;
Now rising like the bounding roe,
Now sinks as flakes of feather'd snow.

In

In sacred story may be read,
How dancing cost St. *John* his head;
We here expose a nobler part,
For sure no head is worth a heart.

The Wishing LOVER.

DELIA, when I e'er review
Dreams delightful more than true;
When my fancy me beguil'd,
Then the lovely *Delia* smil'd,
On my breast did willing lie,
Glances melting in her eye;
Warm'd with gentle fires within,
Love upon her cheeks did shine;
Glowing, blushing, like the morn,
Now they fade, and now return:
How delighted then am I,
Let me love thus, and thus die.
Oh! if love cou'd more allow,
Thus I'd wish thee willing now;
Thus to languish on my breast,
Of immortal love possess.



The



The QUEEN of MAY.

To the Tune of *Over the hills, and far away.*

At a May-pole down in Kent,
 Now spring with flow'ry sweets was come,
 Nymphs with fwains to dancing went,
 Each hop'd to bear the garland home;
 When *Winna* came, they all gave way,
 Youths with joy their homage pay,
 Nymphs confess her queen of *May*;
 No one was ever yet so gay.

As her skin, the lilly fair;
 New-budding rose, her mouth imparts;
 New-strung *Cupid's* bow her hair;
 Eyes, his keenest ebon darts.
 When you do her temper view,
 Young, but wise; admir'd, yet true;
 Never charm'd with empty shew;
 Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your steps advance,
 Now foot it in a fairy ring,
 Nimble trip, and as you dance,
Ever live, bright Winna! sing.
 With boughs their hearts of oak beset,
 Your brave fires their conq'rors met;
 No crown, but her locks of jet,
 Now does your free allegiance get.

CUPID



CUPID Mistaken.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid, a shooting, went that way,
 New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
 With all his might his bow he drew:
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
 The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 Oh cruel, cou'dst thou find none other
 To wreak thy spleen on? paricide!
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy my mistake?
 I took you for your likeness, *Cloe*.



Love



Love the Cause of my Mourning.

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
Tell *Strephon*, I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
Ye deceive me; for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms:
Oh! *Strephon*, the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
Down to the shades below,
Ere ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him so;
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
But, finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! *Chloris*, the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, use your art;
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah!

Ah! then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he said:
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
Down to the silent shade:
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

MERIT *beyond* **RICHES.**

How cruel is that parent's care,
Who riches only prizes;
When finding out some booby heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wife is.
While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
And not to prove a wretch in state,
To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
She weds where she despises.

The harmless dove thus trembling flies,
The rav'nous hawk pursuing;
A while her tender pinions tries,
Till doom'd to certain ruin,
Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
No shelter near, no kind retreat,
She drops beneath the faulkner's feet,
For gentler usage suing.



Lord

THE LORD FROG AND LADY MOUSE.

Lord FROG and Lady MOUSE.

GREAT lord Frog to lady Mouse,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho,
 Dwelling near St. James's house,
Cocky my chary she,
 Rid to make his court one day,
 In the merry month of May,
 When the sun shone bright and gay,
Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Lord Frog. Countess, you've three daughters fine,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho,
 I'd fain make the youngest mine,
Cocky my chary she.
 I'm well made as ever was male,
 Only bating one simple ail,
 Pox upon't, I've never a tail,
Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Lady Mouse. Welcome, noble peer, to town,
Croakledom hee, croakledom ho.
 I'll strait call my darling down,
Cocky my chary she.
 So much wealth will sure prevail;
 Yet I wish, that you might not fail,
 Your fine lordship had a tail,
Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Lord

Lord Frog. Here she comes shall be my spouse,

Croakledom hee, croakledom ho,

If she'll deign to grace my house,

Cocky my chary she,

I've a head where love can plant,

Tho' a trifling tail I want;

Will you, fair one, liking grant?

Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Miss Mouse. I can ne'er to one consent,

Croakledom hee, croakledom ho,

Wants that needful ornament,

Cocky my chary she.

Uncle Rat too, so well known,

That a swinger has of's own,

Ne'er will let me wed to none,

Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Lord Frog. Sing I can't, my voice is low,

Croakledom hee, croakledom ho;

But for dancing, dare *Sanslow,*

Cocky my chary she.

Then altho' my bum be bare,

All must own 'tis smooth and fair:

I've no scars of *Venus* there,

Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Miss Mouse. When we treat you at our cheese,

Croakledom hee, croakledom ho.

All that naked part one sees;

Cocky my chary she.

Cover

Cover'd close, we creep and crawl;
When you swim, or diving fall,
Fie for shame! you shew us all,

Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

Lord Frog. Since you're on these lofty strains,

Croakledom bee, croakledom ho,

I'll get one shall value brains,

Cocky my chary she.

Miss Mouse. Now your lordship idly prates,

Those that will have constant mates,

Must have tails as well as pates,

Twiddle, come twiddle twee.

The Complete CONQUEST.

A BEAUTEOUS face, fine shape, engaging air,
With all the graces that adorn the fair,
If these cou'd fail their so accusom'd parts,
And not secure the conquest of our hearts,
Sylvia has yet a vast reserve in store,
At sight we love, but hearing must adore.

There falls continual musick from her tongue,
The wit of *Sappho*, with her artful song;
From *Syrens* thus we lose the pow'r to fly,
We listen from the charm and stay to die,
Ah! lovely nymph, I yield, I am undone,
Your voice has finish'd what your eyes begun.

*The FAIRY Queen.*

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves, that be:
Come, follow me, your queen,
And trip it o'er the green:
Hand in hand, we'll dance around,
Because this place is fairy ground:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
Because this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard, and un-espied,
Thro' key-holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid :
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a feast that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile ;
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grafs
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk :
 Yet in the morning may be seen,
 Where we the night before have been.

Unhappy FREEDOM.

THE tuneful lark, who from her nest,
 Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
 With care attended and caress'd,
 She sometimes sings the live-long day :
 Yet still her native field she mourns,
 Her gaoler hates, his kindness scorns,
 For freedom pants, for freedom burns.

That darling freedom once obtain'd,
 Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey ;
 She mourns the liberty she gain'd,
 And, hungry, pines her hours away.
 Helpless the little wand'rer flies,
 Then homewards turns her longing eyes,
 And warbling out her grief, she dies.



The



The PROTESTATION.

A NN thou wert my ain thing,
I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee;

Ann thou wert my ain thing,
So dearly I wou'd love thee.

I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
I'd secure thee from all harms,
Above all mortals thou hast charms,
So dearly I do love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
Who only live to love thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
Oh! for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for thy sake,
What man can name, I'll undertake;
So dearly I do love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,

And gar the gods envy me.
Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne, in fast whispers thro' the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
She moves a goddess o'er the green ;
Were I a king, thou shou'dst be queen,

Nane but my fell aboon thee :
I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'dst twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,

Oh ! let nae scorn undo thee.
While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.

*The*



The TRANSPORT.

AFTER the pangs of a desperate lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah, what a pleasure it is to discover
In her eyes pity who causes my pain!
Ah, what a pleasure, &c.

When with upkindness our love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain,
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!
Ah, what a pleasure, &c.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does usher my joy!
Ah, what a trembling, &c.

When, with a sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah, what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
Ah, what a joy to hear, Shall we again!
Ah, what a joy, &c.

The



The Slighted SWAIN.

CLOE proves false, but still she is charming;
 Nature, like beauty her temper has made;
 Subject to change,
 O'er each heart she will range,
 Always alarming,
 Ever disarming,
 Never dismay'd.

Banish my senses, or let her not slight me:
 Love ne'er was made to inherit disdain:

 Love is a bubble,
 That gives mankind trouble;
 The pleasing ecstasy
 Drops like a simile,
 Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that face to deceive me,
 And gave the boy but one arrow wou'd fly:

 Haste to thy mother,
 And beg for another:
 Cloe the mark must be,
 Make her to pity me
 Ere that I die.

The



The SYMPATHY.

CANTATA.

BENEATH a beach, as *Strephon* laid,
 Reclin'd on *Cloe's* breast,
 She blush'd, and thus the lovely maid
 Her tender fear confess.

Air.

She. Wanton shepherd, pr'ythee leave me,
 You but court me to deceive me;
 Men, alas! are still pursuing
 Poor unhappy womens ruin;
 Wanton shepherd, pr'ythee leave me,
 You but court me to deceive me.

Recitative.

The swain hung o'er the panting fair,
 With rapture viewing every feature;
 Fondly he sooth'd each rising care,
 And thus address'd the pretty creature.

Air.

He. Cloe! I can ill dissemble,
 You may trust my heart and eyes;
 Lo! I languish, burn, and tremble,
 Nature triumphs o'er disguise;
 But these symptoms (tell me true)
 Are perhaps unknown to you.

Duetto, [One after t'other,]

I, alas! can ill dissemble,

You may trust my heart and eyes:

Lo! I languish, burn, and tremble,

Nature triumphs o'er disguise,

*The CHOICE; address'd to a Bottle.***C**OU'DST thou give me a pleasure,

Like the mistress of my heart,

I'd drink beyond all measure,

And from thee never start:

A pleasure so alluring,

I never cou'd refrain,

Till life not worth enduring,

In a tun I'd drown my pain.

But since there's no comparing

With raptures she can give;

Whose ecstacy (past bearing)

I scarce can taste and live:

To brighter joys resigning,

I'll quit these sparkling charms,

And die without repining,

To be buried in her arms.

*The*



The Quarrelsome DEITIES.

GAY *Bacchus*, liking *Estcourt's* wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us,
 And for the guests that were to dine,
 Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Jocus*:
 The god near *Cupid* drew his chair;
 Near *Comus*, *Jocus* plac'd;
 For wine makes love forget its care,
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
 Each sweet engaging *Grace*
 Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
 And took a waiter's place:
 Then *Cupid* nam'd at every glass
 A lady of the sky;
 While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the last,
 And had it bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* tost his brimmers o'er;
 And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
 When-e'er he miss'd the toast:
 They call'd, and drank at every touch;
 He fill'd, and drank again;
 And if the gods can take too much,
 'Tis said they did so then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* stung,
By reck'ning his deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his staggr'ring gaits :
And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus*' ways,
And tales without a jest ;
While *Comus* call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds ;
And, had I *Homer*'s pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.
To part the fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em soon agree ;
Nay, had the *Furies* selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus, appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his bow ?
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.
Jocus took *Comus*' rosy crown,
And gaily wore the prize ;
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* sought the myrtle grove,
Where *Venus* did recline ;
And *Venus* close embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And

And *Comus*, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit,
In fat unweildy state.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind;
And vow to be sincere.
But part in time, who-ever hear
This our instructive song;
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

MYRTILLA'S Excellency.

MYRTILLA bid me tell the charms,
I did in her discover;
She might as well bid tell the stars,
Describe the joys in love's sweet wars,
Or tell how much I love her.

Shou'd I attempt so vain a task,
And puzzling numbers find:
The brightest fancy must new-coin
Some god-like phrases to define
The beauties of her mind.

*The* COMPARISON.

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
Still the vain possessor's poor ;
What are riches without pleasure ?
Endless pain the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money ;
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views, with aking eyes, his store,
Trembling, lest he chance to lose it ;
Pining still, for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.
Celia thus, with endless arts,
Spends her days, her charms improving ;
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her shape, her face,
Fancying still she's under twenty ;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty,
Soon or late they both will find,
Time their idol from them sever ;
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her;
Vain desire will be her curse,
When no mortal will relieve her.
Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
Taste a little of thy store;
What is beauty without pleasure?

LOVE *Unchangeable.*

ALL thoughts of freedom are too late,
Not any new fair lady's art,
Nor both the *India's* wealth, nor fate
Itself can disengage my heart.

Not, which kind heaven forbid ! your hate,
And that which follows, proud disdain,
My passion cou'd at all abate,
But only make it last with pain.

Thus all my quiet does depend,
On hopes t'obtain a smile from you ;
That so my love, that knows no end,
May last with equal pleasure too.



*A Light HEART, and a Thin Pair of
BREECHES.*

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main!
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true;
 And wou'd not commit a bad action,
 For power or profit in view.
 Chor. *Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Go thorough the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Inrich'd with the blessings of life;
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right,
 Chor. *Then why shou'd we quarrel, &c.*

The

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, who, to politicks strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live 'till we die.
Chor. *Then why shou'd we quarrel, &c.*

Safer to Drink than to Love.

LUCRETIA the kingdom of *Rome* did destroy;
And *Helen*, they say, was the ruin of *Troy*:
The one was too wanton, the other too nice:
Extreams still prove fatal in virtue and vice.

To be ship-wreck'd on either I never design,
But to sail between both, in a sea of good wine:
What tho' some dull matron our mirth disapprove?
'Tis safer for ladies to drink than to love.

Here's a health to all those that are better than wife,
Who scorn to be vicious, and yet not too precise:
What tho' some dull matron our mirth disapprove?
'Tis safer for ladies to drink than to love.

Advice



*Advice to a Young LADY, about to
marry an Old MAN.*

IF you, by sordid views misled,
Prefer old *Gripus* to your bed,
You'll bitterly lament it;
For twenty ne'er did fifty wed,
But both did soon repent it.

His peevishness, and thirst of gain,
Wou'd of each *China* cup complain,
Each ribbon, patch, and pinner;
And *Tit* and *Brisk* must ne'er again
Eat from your plate at dinner.

Alarm'd by groundless jealousy,
He'd to each random word apply
Some base interpretation;
Each meaningless smile, or casual sigh,
Wou'd be an assignation.

Or tho' you're from these torments free,
Indulg'd all day with visits, tea,
And all that you petition,
Ev'n then, alas! all night you'd be
But in a poor condition.

For

For then he'd all endearments shun,
And vainly boast what feats were done
When he was young and mighty;
But now, alas! these days are gone,
And so, my dear, good night t'ye.

But if, by inclination led,
A youth of equal bloom you wed,
No cares by day will teize you;
At night such joys will bless your bed,
As cannot fail to please you.

While therefore you to chuse are free,
Chuse one whose years with yours agree,
By love alone directed;
Assur'd that happy days may be
From happy nights expected.

The LOVER's greatest Bliss.

WERE I to chuse the greatest bliss,
That e'er in love was known,
'Twou'd be the highest of my wish,
T' enjoy your heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,
And crowns unenvy'd wear;
They shou'd no rival have of me,
Might I reign monarch there.

The



The Life of REASON.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My *Winifreda*, move your care;
Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder,
How they respect such little folk.

What tho', from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give:
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Thro-

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How shou'd I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when, with envy, time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Vanity of resisting LOVE.

No, no, no, no, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to *Cupid's* chain,
A thousand thousand ways, a thousand thousand arts,
The tyrant knows to captivate our hearts :
Sometimes he sighs employs, and sometimes tries
The universal language of the eyes ;
The fierce with fierceness he destroys,
The soft with tenderness decoys;
He kills the strong with joy, the weak with pain :
No, no, no, no, resistance is but vain.

BACCHUS'S



BACCHUS's *Speech in Praise of WINE.*

BACCHUS one day gaily striding
 On his never-failing tun,
 Sneaking empty pots deriding,
 Thus address'd each toping son :
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid shrine;
 All things noble, gay, and airy,
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me;
 Poets wrote the flaming story,
 Fir'd by my divinity:
 If my influence is wanting,
 Musick's charms but slowly move;
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,
 Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes;
 From my ever-flowing treasure,
 Charming scenes of bliss arise.
 Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
 Sole dispeller of your pain;
 Gloomy souls from care releasing,
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

The

*The Charming SAILOR.*

FAREWEL the fatal pleasures,
The shining masquerade,
And all the dying measures
That tender love perswade :
The notes that sweetly languish,
To aid the lover's flame,
Whilst he reveals his anguish,
And begs the fair one's name.

No more you can invite me,
You sing, alas ! in vain ;
No musick can delight me,
Tho' *Orpheus* play'd again :
A lovely sailor pleading,
With wit in every word,
Both skill'd in love and breeding,
Has fix'd my heart on board.

In every dream appearing,
All charming, all divine,
A manner most endearing,
A voice as soft as mine :
His hands so gently pressing,
As if no ropes they knew !
What is my song confessing ?
It grows a *Billet-doux*.

Some

Some tuneful voice, befriending
The fondness of my heart,
In mournful notes descending,
My tenderness impart:
Ah! sure he soon will know it,
If love inspire his fight;
Those eyes that made the poet,
I fear will guess too right.

WOMENS *Obstinacy.*

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet nature does strength supply:
Their will is too strong to surrender,
They're obstinate still till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with reason,
Your sorrows you only prolong;
Disputing is always high-treason,
No woman was e'er in the wrong.

Your only relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in compassion, the fair
May persuade herself into consent.

The



The EXPOSTULATION.

How dismal's the lover's condition;
When cruelty governs the fair?
When the proper, the only physician,
Insults o'er her servant's despair,
His sufferings afford her a pleasure,
Increasing the more he complains;
The more that he doats on his treasure,
The faster she binds him in chains.

Resistless, all-conquering creature!
Disdain not to cure what you cause:
Oh, prove not a rebel to nature!
Nor laugh at love's sovereign laws.
Against your own self it is treason,
To torture a heart that is thine:
My heart is your own, and what reason:
Its pain shou'd longer be mine?

Yet deep tho' the darts of your beauty
Have wounded the heart of your swain,
I think it both pleasure and duty
To court, and to suffer the pain:
Delightful's the true lover's anguish;
In craving, it ever contents;
'Tis torture to pine and to languish,
But pleases the while it torments.



KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May's* sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grow so rarely ;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd, tho' it was foggy,
I ask'd her name ; Sweet sir, she said,
My name is *Kath'rine Ogie*.

I stood awhile, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly ;
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lily in a boggy ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or earl, or duke,
My charming *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Oh!

Oh! were I but some shepherd-swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At bouting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With *Kate*, my club, and doggy,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statefmens dang'rous stations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,
Might I caress, and still possess,
This lass of whom I'm vogie:
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with *Kath'rine Ogie*.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair furround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
Else I die for *Kath'rine Ogie*.





WILLIE'S Courtship.

BETTY, early gone a maying,
Met her sweetheart *Willie* straying;
Design or chance, no matter whether,
But thus we know he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear maid, the turtle's cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how every bush discovers,
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

Or in singing, or in loving,
Every moment still improving;
Love and nature wisely leads 'em,
Love and nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See how the op'ning blushing rose
Does all her secret charms disclose;
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,
Of our fleeting, hasty pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the blisses
Of their soft and fragrant kisses;
To day they bloom, they fade to-morrow
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time,

Time, my *Bef's*, will leave no traces
Of those beauties, of those graces ;
Youth and love forbid our staying,
Love and youth abhor delaying.

Dearest maid ! nay, do not fly me,
Let your pride no more deny me ;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my thumb : I'll ne'er beguile ye.

Country Delights prefer'd to the Masquerade.

How sweet is the ev'ning air,
When the lasses all prepare,
So trim, and so clean,
To trip it o'er the green,
And meet with their sweet-hearts there!
While the pale town-lafs
Disguises her face,
To squeak at a masquerade ;
Where the proudest prude
May be subdu'd,
And when she cries, You're rude,
You may conclude,
She will not die a maid.

A

*A BEE expiring on a LADY's Lips.*

As near a fountain's flow'ry side
The bright *Celinda* lay,
Her looks increas'd the summer's pride,
Her eyes the blaze of day.

The roses blush'd with deeper red,
To see themselves outdone;
The lilies shrunk into their bed,
To find such rival shone.

Quick, thro' the air, to this retreat,
A bee industrious flew,
Prepar'd to rifle every sweet,
And sip the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
Her rosy lips he found,
Where he in transports met his death,
And dropt upon the ground.

Enjoy, blest bee, enjoy thy fate,
Nor at thy fall repine,
Since kings wou'd quit their royal state,
To share a death like thine.

The

*The Despairing Lover.*

A SWAIN, of love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate;
His grief the shepherds sharing,
In circles round him fate :
The nymphs, in kind compassion,
The luckless lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the passion
A sigh for sigh return'd.

Oh friends! your complaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear ;
Shou'd *Cloe* but discover
For me you'd shed a tear,
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue ;
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain ;
Sight of yourself you'll love her,
And hug the galling chain :
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart ;
She has ten thousand graces,
And each cou'd gain a heart.

But

But oh! one more deserving
Has thaw'd her frozen breast;
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain;
Oh cruel maid! — Then swooning,
He fell upon the plain.

WOMENS *Inconstancy.*

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
You never guess it aright:
I'll tell you the reason — she knows not her own,
It changes so often ere night.
'Twou'd puzzle *Apollo*,
Her whimsies to follow,
His oracle wou'd be a jest;
She'll frown when she's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change like the wind,
And often abuses
The man that she chuses,
And what she refuses
Likes best.

The

NOTICE TO THE READER

The Happy LOVERS.

JOCKEY and *Fenny* together were laid;
Jockey was happy, no less was the maid;
 He often did sigh, and cry'd, *Fenny*, with thee,
 My life, tho' in bondage, wou'd seem to be free.
Fenny, who greatly for *Jockey* did burn,
 Wou'd figh to his sigh, and kind language, return,
 There's no pair so happy, so much of one mind,
 As *Jockey* to *Fenny*, so *Fenny*'s inclin'd.

Content with each other in humble retreat,
 They court not new beauties, nor envy the great;
 He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her swain,
 For pleasures yet thought of, or riches to gain.
 Come, all ye gay courtiers, who greatness admire,
 And shine in gilt coaches, with pompous attire,
 Regard the true pleasure this couple enjoy,
 For pleasures with *Jockey* and *Fenny* ne'er cloy.

While you quit your *Sylvia* for *Cloe*'s bright eyes,
Aminia pursue; you fair *Cloe* despise,
 When one nymph's undone, you another undo,
 And rambling, the fair does the same thing by you:
 Till nature grows weary, decrepid, and poor,
 Not aged, but quite has exhausted her store;
 'Tis *Jockey* and *Fenny* enjoy the true taste:
 Be constant like them, and your pleasures will last.

此致 敬礼

R. **C**OME, love, let us join,
Come, pr'ythee be mine,
Mine only, my dear pretty creature;
More *Cicely* I prize,
Than I do both my eyes,
And than honey to me she is sweeter.

C. You think to persuade
A poor silly maid,
Unskill'd in the bus'ness of wooing:
If you hold on your jest,
I'll be gone, I protest,
For fear it shou'd prove my undoing.

R. I'm in such a fever,
The like it was never,
So dreadfully fore is my smart,
That *Cupid*, I weet,
Were you but to see't,
Has bor'd a great hole in my heart.

C. Yes, yes, the plain case is,
You know all your paces,
Whene'er you wou'd compass your pleasure ;
And if filly wenches
Believe your pretences,
They're left to repent at their leisure.

R. In

R. In pity forbear
To insult me, my dear ;
Oh spare, while so forely I languish !
What room, dear unkind,
For deceit can you find,
In a breast that is brim-full of anguish ?

C. Nay, nay, *Roger*, now,
You wrong me, I vow,
I wou'd not be reckon'd hard-hearted ;
But, alas ! I have known,
For believing too soon,
Poor maids that have wofully smarted.

R. Pray do not suppose,
That I'm one of those
Who can leave their sweet-hearts in the lurch ;
I mean, in good sooth,
To plight you my troth,
When the bans have been ask'd in the church.

C. But then, shou'd you soon,
With the first honey-moon,
Shou'd you forfeit the troth which you plighted ;
Shou'd you, cool to your spouse,
Laugh at all your past vows,
And *Cicely*, poor *Cicely* ! be slighted ?

Q 2

R. Com²

R. Come, sweet! be not shy,
 On your true-love rely;
 Come, with hearty good-will let's agree,
 You may quit every fear,
 When, without you, I swear,
 All the world 'wou'd be nothing to me.

C. Well, I can't but approve
 Of so honest a love;
 Nor dread to be such a one's wife.

R. And a love, my dear Cis,
 That's as honest as this,
 Is as long and as lasting as life.

Perfect BEAUTY.

WHEN perfect beauty is by heav'n design'd,
 It forms the body as it forms the mind;
 The shape without is like the shape within,
 And glorious souls make every feature shine.

Such composition does *Amanda* grace,
 Divine's her thought, seraphic is her face;
 The pow'rs of musick thro' the fabrick roll,
 And tuneful parts make up th' harmonious whole;
 For when in face and voice she's pleas'd t' appear,
 Her charms so strike the eye, so strike the ear,
 We cou'd for ever look, we cou'd for ever hear.

The



The LONDON Ditty.

On *London* is a fine town, and a gallant city,
 'Tis govern'd by the scarlet gown, come listen to
 This city has a mayor, this mayor is a lord, [my ditty ;
 He governeth the citizens all by his own accord.

Oh London is, &c.

He boasteth his gentility, and how nobly he was born,
 His arms they are three ox heads, and his crest a rampant
 horn :

The first journey his lordship takes, is to *Westminster-hall*,
 Attended by twelve companies, for he must have
 them all. *Oh London is, &c.*

The barges are made fine and gay for his lordship
 and the best,

And dung-boats and lighters provided for the rest.
 Then at the *Exchequer* he's sworn upon a shoe sole,
 That he will be no wiser man than was his brother
 jobernole. *Oh London is, &c.*

The sword is born before 'em up and down the stairs,
 To fright away the little boys that laugh at our lord
 And when that is ended, home again he comes, [mayors ;
 With joyful noise upon the *Thames* of trumpets and of
 drums. *Oh London is, &c.*

174. *A Collection of Songs.*

His lordship lands at *Paul's* wharf, and on along he jogs,
 Attended by his companies, as hungry as any dogs:
 Then in comes the carver, and boldly falls to work,
 With knife like to a scimeter, as fierce as any *Turk*.
Oh London is, &c.

He hit upon the goose bone, and turn'd both edge
 and point, [joint
 Till he look'd upon my lord mayor, he cou'd not hit the
 Then up came custard, with twenty-four nooks,
 As you may find recorded in *John Stow's* books.
Oh London is, &c.

And why it was so big, if you wou'd know the reason,
 It was to keep their chaps at work, that wou'd be
 prating treason.
 Then they go to *Greenwich*, all in the city barge,
 And there they have a noble treat, all at the city charge.
Oh London is, &c.

And when they come to *Cuckold's-point*, they make a
 gallant show,
 Their wives bid the musick play Cuckolds all a row:
 Then they go to *Paul's* church ere morning prayer
 begins, [pins.
 And as they go along the street, they stoop to pick up
Oh London is, &c.

But

But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral reason of it,
They that wou'd to riches grow, must stoop for little
profit:

[maker,
My lord mayor rides along the street like unto a law-
With forty catch-poles at his arse, to prosecute the baker.
Oh London is, &c.

And when he comes to the baker's stall, and finds
his bread too light, [and knight:
He sends it home to his own house, to feast both lord
Then to the *Sessions-house* they go, the sessions there to
keep;
Until that the recorder comes, they all are fast asleep.
Oh London is, &c.

They call up all their juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no man, they may go hang them-
selves: [they ride,
So then they borrow boots and spurs, and out of town
To see the bears baited on the bank-side.
Oh London is, &c.

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like so many apes, with each his golden chain:
Then to hear a sermon once a year he rides unto the
spittle, [but little.
And there sits full three hours long, and brings away
Oh London is, &c.

And when that he comes home, he sits down at his
board, [t—d:]

And if he has not minc'd pies, his chear's not worth a

My lady says unto my lord, when all the guests are gone,

I do intend to-morrow, to invite my friend Sir *John*.

Oh London is, &c.

For I don't think it fit always to have tradesmen;

I pray therefore let me rub in a courtier now and then:

My lady boldly ask'd my lord what dishes she shou'd
have, [brave,

To entertain her friend Sir *John*, that was so fine and

Oh London is, &c.

My lord he nam'd a calves-head, at which she made a
pish, [standing dish:

And swore she'd have a turkey-cock, for she lov'd a

Next, once a year, into *Essex* a hunting they do go;

To see 'em pass along, oh! 'tis a most pretty show.

Oh London is, &c.

Thro' *Cheapside*, and *Fenchurch-street*, and so to *Aldgate*
pump, [sword cross his rump;

Each man with's spurs in his horse's sides, and his back-

My lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes o'er,

I must confess it ~~was~~ a work he ne'er had done before.

Oh London is, &c.

A creature bounces from a bush which made 'em all
 to laugh, [calf:
 My lord he cry'd, A hare, a hare! but it prov'd an Essex
 And when they had done their sport, they came to London
 where they dwell, [knew them well.
 Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce
 Ob London is, &c.

For 'twas a very great mercy so many scap'd alive,
 For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again
 but five.
 Ob London is, &c.

False-hearted BILLY.

'T WAS down in a meadow I chanc'd for to pass,
 Oh! there did I spy a young beautiful lass;
 Her age I am sure it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green;
 Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,
 They sparkled like di'monds or stars in the skies;
 And as for her voice, it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

Why does my lov'd Billy prove false and unkind?
 Or why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in every degree?
 Oh! why does he change to another from me?

Or

Or why does he laugh at my sorrow and woe?
 Or why does he scoff at my sad overthrow?
Susanna will always prove true to her trust,
 I'm sorry lov'd *Billy* will prove so unjust.

'Twas down in a meadow a making of hay,
 Oh there did we pass the sweet minutes away;
 I lull'd him to sleep, and I watch'd him the while,
 And when he awak'd, 'twas with a sweet smile;
 And when he went forth to harrow and plow,
 I milk'd him sweet syllibubs under the cow;
 Oh then was I blest, and sat on his knee,
 No lad in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the fair,
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care;
 He kisses her hand, and sets her on his knee,
 And says all the kind things he once said to me;
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she like me may complain,
 For nothing's more certain, — believe silly *Sue*,
 Who once has been faithless, can seldom prove true.

She finish'd her song, and rose to be gone,
 When over the common came jolly young *John*;
 He told her, that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent, he wou'd make her his wife:
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to church then they went;
 Young *Billy's* forgot, and young *Susan's* content:
 Most men are like *Billy*, most women like *Sue*;
 And if men prove false, why shou'd women prove true?

CLOR



CLOE a GODDESS.

CLOE's a goddess in the groves,
A *Naiad* in the streams;
An angel in the church she moves;
A woman in my dreams.

Love steals artill'ry from her eyes,
The graces point her charms;
Orpheus is rival'd in her voice,
And *Venus* in her arms.

Never so happily in one,
Did heav'n and earth combine;
And yet 'tis flesh and blood alone
Make her this thing divine.

She looks like other mortal dames,
Till I unlace her boddice;
But when with fire she meets my flames,
The wench turns up a goddess.



Despairing



Despairing LYCIDAS.

BENEATH a gloomy shade,
 For unhappy lovers made,
 The poor despairing *Lycidas* was laid,
 While drooping turtles cooing stood
 On the green branches of the dusky wood;
 The mournful flutes contend in vain,
 To lull his cares, to ease his pain,
 His pain and cares thus force him to complain;
 ' Ah, heedless shepherds! guard your hearts
 ' From woman's fatal eyes,
 ' They wound us still with poison'd darts,
 ' And he that's wounded dies:
 ' Their form and face, like seas serene,
 ' Still promise only joy;
 ' But oh! the shelves, their hearts within,
 ' Are certain to destroy.
 ' Ah! let my fate thy wreck prevent,
 ' Nor venture from the shore:
 But here the hapless shepherd, spent
 In sighs, sunk down, and said no more.



Tom



TOM o' Bedlam.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyfs of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To fee if he can cure his diftemper'd brain:
Fears and cares opprefs my foul;
Hark! how the angry furies howl;
Pluto laughs, and *Proferpine* is glad,
To fee poor angry *Tom o' Bedlam* mad:
Thro' the world I wander night and day,
To find my ftraggling fenfes.
In an angry mood I met old *Time*,
With his pentateuch of tenfes.
When me he fpies, away he flies,
For *Time* will ftay for no man;
In vain with cries I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.
Cold and comfortlefs I be,
Help, help, or elfe I die:
Hark! I hear *Apollo's* team
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chaft *Diana* bends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle;
Come *Vulcan* with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troublefome shackles;
Bid *Charles* make ready his wain,
To bring me my fenfes again.

Laft

Last night I heard the *Dog Star* bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the dark ;
Limping *Vulcan* heat an iron bar,
And furiously made at the god of war ;
Mars with his weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had got the gout ;
His broad horns did so hang in his light,
That he cou'd not see to aim his blows aright.
Mercury, the nimble post of heav'n,
Stood still to see the quarrel ;
Gorrel-bellied *Bacchus*, giant-like,
Bestrid a strong-beer barrel :
To me he drank, I did him thank ;
But I cou'd drink no cyder ;
He drank whole butts, 'till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little drink for charity.
Hark ! I hear *Alceon's* hounds,
The huntsmen whoop and hallow,
Ringwood, *Rockwood*, *Fowler*, *Bowman*,
All the chace do follow.
The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnep, and carrot ;
But a cup of *Malaga* sack,
Will fire the bush at his back.



*The SOMERSETSHIRE CLOWN.*

Go vind the vicar of *Taunton Dean*,
And he'll tell ye the banes were asked;
A good vat capon he had ver's pains,
And I zent it home in a basket;
And a *Friday* night I was, by right,
To have prov'd if she were a maiden,
And now she's run with a soldier to town,
Heydledom deyldedom cudden,
Heydon dudden cudden, Tom,
Sing heydledom deyldedom cudden.

My mother she zold her blue game cock,
And a dainty brood of chicken,
Then bought herself a canvass smock,-
And rackt it up in the kitchen;
And she bought me a cambrick band,
With a bumpkin pair of breeches,
Not thinking but *Joan*
Wou'd have made me her own;
But I vaith she'd have none of the vetches,
Heydon dudden cudden, Tom,
Sing heydledom deyldedom cudden.

I'll take a hatchet, and hang my zell,
 Before I'll indure these losses ;
 Or else a rope in a dolesome well ;
 For I never can bear these crosses :
 Or I'll go to some beacon high,
 For I vaith I am welly wooden,
 And throw myzself down, her kindness to try.
Heydledom deyldedom, &c.

If she can think 'tis a better trade,
 This shooting of guns and flashing,
 She'll find herself but a simple jade,
 For there's more to be got by thrashing :
 I ne'er shall beg without a leg,
 Nor occasion have ver a wooden,
 Nor cripple become,
 By vollowing a drum.
Heydledom deyldedom cudden, &c.

The Transported LOVER.

WHEN first I saw the bright *Aurelia's* eyes,
 A sudden trembling did my limbs surprize,
 In every vein I felt a tingling smart,
 And a cold faintness all around my heart :
 But oh, the circling joy, but oh, the pleasing pain !
 And oh ! and oh ! may both ten thousand years remain.

JOCKEY'S



JOCKEY'S Conquest.

A BONNY lad there was,
And *Jockey* was his name,
He courted long a lass,
But cou'd na wröng her fame.

He proffer'd money, proffer'd land,
He sought her night and day;
But still she wou'd na understand,
But answer'd *Jockey*, Nay.

But he, a cunning wary loon,
Found eance a pleasant hour;
We'as me, quo he, I'lle ho my boon,
And tuke her tell a bow'r.

He lig'd her on the grafs,
Where they had muckle play;
And ever since, the bonny lass
Has ne'er cry'd *Jockey*, nay.





The FARMER'S Delight.

HARK, the cock crow'd, 'tis day all abroad,
 And looks like a jolly fair morning,
 Up, *Roger* and *James*, and drive out your teams,
 Up, quickly, to carry the corn in :
Davy the drowfy, and *Barnaby* bowzy,
 At breakfast we'll flout and we'll jeer, boys,
 Sluggards shall chatter with small-drink and water,
 While you shall tope off the *March* beer, boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er,
 Mouth open the flies will be blowing ;
 To get us stout hum, when *Christmas* is come,
 Away where the barley is mowing :
 In your smock-sleeves too, go bind up the sheaves too,
 With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry* :
 Then when work's over, at night give each lover
 A hug and a buss in the dairy.

Two for the mow, and two for the plough,
 Is then the next labour comes after :
 I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
 I'll send you my wife and my daughter.
Roger the lusty, tell *Rachel* the trusty,
 The barn's a rare place to steal garters ;
 'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the mow then,
 And take it at night for your quarters.

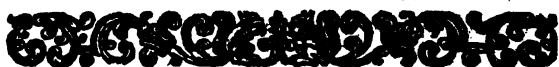
CHILLARD ;



CELLADON ; Or, SYLVIA overcome.

CELLADON, when spring came on,
 Woo'd *Sylvia* in a grove,
 Both gay and young, and still he sung
 The sweet delights of love :
 Wedded joys in girls and boys,
 And pretty chat of this and that !
 The honey kifs, and charming blifs,
 That crowns the marriage bed ;
 He snatch'd her hand, she blush'd and fan'd,
 And seem'd as if afraid ;
 Forbear, she cries, your fawning lyes,
 I've vow'd to die a maid.

Celladon at that began
 To talk of apes in hell,
 And what is worse, the odious curse
 Of growing old and stale ;
 Loss of bloom, when wrinkles come,
 And offers kind when none will mind ;
 The rosy joy, and sparkling eye,
 Grown faded and decay'd ;
 At which, when known, she chang'd her tone,
 And to the shepherd said,
 Dear swain, give o'er, I'll think once more,
 Before I'll die a maid.



LOVE and WINE. *An Anacreontick.*

CROWN me with the branching vine,
 Round my temples let it twine;
 See! the reeling god appears,
 With *Silenus*, green in years,
 Crown'd with joy, let them come,
 Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!
 Pour the fragrant oil, and shed
 Od'rous perfumes on my head,
Cupid shall the skinker be;
 Fill a glass, and give it me;
 Fill out more, you little sot,
 Till it overlook the pot.
 Mingle love and soft desires,
 Tender thoughts and am'rous fires,
 Let not jealousy intrude,
 Trivial joys, or noisy fewd;
 But let's drink, and be divine,
 Like our brother *Phæbus* shine;
 Drink like him, like him appear,
 Fresh and blooming all the year,
 Gay and smiling, full of life,
 Easy, quiet, free from strife;
 Fraught with friendship, fraught with love,
 Let the hours successive move,
 Passing unregarded on,
 Nor repine at what is gone;

But the present hour employ,
With wine, oh, love's alternate joy!
Thus content, if rigid fate
Calls us from our happy state,
We'll drink our glass, and throw it down,
And die without a fingle frown.

Advice to FLORETTA.

INSULTING fair, you misemploy
Those charms which nature gave;
As if the power to destroy
Were greater than to save.

So kings, who to the power they have
Add rage and cruelty,
Their subjects may a while enslave,
But unlamented die.

Then, dear *Floretta*, be advis'd,
Nor shun my proffer'd care;
Wou'd you by all be truly priz'd,
Be kind as you are fair.



MAN'S



MAN'S Inconstancy.

Ah! why, *Alexis*, wou'd you leave
 A nymph that doats on you?
 Did thy *Amanda* once deceive,
 Or ever prove untrue?
 Shou'd so much truth, from one belov'd,
 Meet such unkind return?
 And must that flame, which nature mov'd,
 In age no longer burn?

In infancy, our little hearts
 Were mutually inspir'd;
 Kind love then gilded all his darts,
 And gave all we desir'd.
 When-ever ought my tender years
 Opprest with childish grief,
 Then wou'd *Alexis* share my tears,
 And fly for kind relief.

Another now th' inconstant loves,
 Forgetful of his mate;
 But tho' in distant plains he roves,
 Yet can't *Amanda* hate.
 Beware, young virgins, how your mind
 To faithless men you give,
 For they're as wav'ring as the wind,
 And soon or late deceive.

Against



Against ENVY.

No woman her envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her charms;
If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grown less,
Her poor little heart is still aking
At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd,
In love to mankind,
That different beauties shou'd move,
Still pleas'd to ordain,
None ever shou'd reign
Sole monarch in empire or love.

Then learn to be wise,
New triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please,
You'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two.

ACTON'S



ACTEON'S Fate accounted for.

As naked almost, and more fair you appear,
 Than *Diana*, when spy'd by *Acteon*;
 Yet that stag-hunter's fate, your votaries here,
 We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he, like a fool, took a peep, and no more,
 So she gave him a large pair of horns, fir;
 What goddess, undrest, such neglect ever bore;
 Or, what woman e'er pardon'd such scorns, fir?

The man, who with beauty feasts only his eyes,
 With the fair always works his own ruin;
 You shall find by our actions, our looks, and our sighs,
 We're not barely contented with viewing.

Secret LOVE.

Ah! *Belinda*, I am prest
 With torments not to be express.
 Peace and I are strangers grown,
 I languish till my grief be known,
 Yet wou'd not have it guest.

The



The Partial NYMPH.

WHAT a sad fate is mine!
My love is my crime;
Or why shou'd she be
More easy and free
To all than to me?

But if, by disdain,
She can lessen my pain,
'Tis all I implore,
To make me love less,
Or herself to love more.

LOVE more powerful than FATE.

I ATTEMPT from love's sickness to fly all in vain,
Since I am my self my own fever and pain;
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel;
For love has more pow'r, and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.



· · LOVE for LOVE.

THEY tell us that you, mighty pow'rs above,
 Make perfect your joys and blessings by love:
 Ah! why do you suffer the blessing that's *there*,
 To give a poor lover such sad torments *here*?
 Yet tho' for my passion such grief I endure,
 My love shall, like yours, still be constant and pure.

To suffer for him, gives an ease to my pains,
 There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in chains.
 If I were divine, he cou'd love me no more,
 And I, in return, my adorer adore:
 Oh! let his dear life then, kind gods, be your care,
 For I in your blessings have no other share.

The QUANDARY.

WHAT can we poor females do,
 When pressing, teizing lovers sue?
 Fate affords no other way,
 But denying, or complying,
 And resenting, or consenting,
 Does alike our hopes betray.



The BURNING-GLASS of ICE.

SEE how the fading glories of the year
Put on a youthful smile to welcome her:
Spite of the dog-star's madness, her bright eyes
Create a spring of ever-blooming joys;
All nature to her charms fresh tribute yields,
Making where-e'er she comes *Elixian* fields,
Where roses proudly breathe out all their sweet,
And blush out all their beauty at her feet;
Where nightingales their own love-songs lay by,
And her inimitable graces try:
While the more wanton hills and groves rejoice,
Faintly to echo back her heav'nly voice.

Chor. But my pains rage the more near paradise,
Panthea is to me a burning-glass of ice.

Insatiableness of MAN.

WHY shou'd men quarrel here, where all possess
As much as they can hope for by success?
None can have most, where nature is so kind,
As to exceed man's use, tho' not his mind.



Difference of being Dead, and Dead-drunk.

BACCHUS is a pow'r divine,
 For he no sooner fills my head
 With mighty wine,
 But all my cares resign,
 And droop, and droop, then sink, sink down dead.

Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,
 And I in riches flow,
 At least, I fancy so,
 And without thought of want, I sing, I sing.

Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around
 With flowers, weav'd into a garland, crown'd,
 Then, then I begin to live,
 And scorn what all the world can shew or give.

Let the brave fools who fondly think
 Of honour, and delight
 To make a noise, a noise and fight,
 Go seek out war, whilst I seek peace and drink.

Then fill my glafs, fill, fill it high,
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;
 But when the bottles rang'd make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,

When I am funk,
 The diff'rence, to lie dead, and lie dead drunk.

Pleasures



Pleasures of the COUNTRY LIFE.

No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent town,
To expect either pleasure or rest;
To hurry and nonsense still tying us down,
'Tis an over-grown prison at best.

From hence to the country escaping away,
Leave the crowd and the bustle behind;
And then you'll see liberal nature display
A thousand delights to mankind.

The change of the seasons, the sports of the fields,
The sweetly diversify'd scene;
The groves, and the gardens, and every thing yields
A chearfulness ever serene.

Here, here, from ambition and avarice free,
My days may I quietly spend;
Whilst the cits, and the courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
May gather up wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I wou'd not, to add to my store,
My peace and my freedom resign;
For who, for the sake of possessing the ore,
Wou'd be sentenc'd to dig in the mine?



Unreasonableness of JEALOUSY.

WHY shou'd I ask to whom she's kind,
 Since I her favours share ;
 And none e'er cur'd a roving mind
 By jealousy or care ?

Why shou'd I still disturb my ease,
 Mistrustful of her charms ;
 And fear that every look betrays
 Her to some rival's arms ?

Since if *Corinna* truly loves,
 Restraint is needless sure ;
 And if her inclination roves,
 No strictness can secure.

CUPID defended.

CEASE, cease of *Cupid* to complain,
 Love, love's a joy ev'n while a pain :
 Then think how great his blisses,
 Moving glances, balmy kisses,
 Charming raptures, matchless sweets ;
 Love alone all joy compleats.

WIT



WIT and VIRTUE *superior to* GOLD
and BEAUTY.

WHY, *Damon*, why, why, why so pressing?
The heart you beg's not worth possessing;
Each look, each word, each smile's affected,
And inward charms are quite neglected:
Then scorn her, scorn her, foolish swain,
And sigh no more, no more in vain.

Beauty's worthless, fading, flying,
Who wou'd for trifles think of dying?
Who for a face, a shape, wou'd languish,
And tell the brooks and groves his anguish,
Till she, till she thinks fit to prize him,
And all, and all beside despise him?

Fix, fix your thoughts on what's inviting,
On what will never bear the flighting:
Wit and virtue claim your duty,
They're much more worth than gold and beauty:
To them, to them your heart resign,
And you'll no more, no more repine.



**WINE a Cure for LOVE.**

WINE rejecting,
 Mirth neglecting,
 Why, my *Philander*,
 Thus do ye stand here,
 Thus do ye stand here,
 So unmann'd!

If your *Phyllis*
 Scornful still is,
 Never teize you,
 Wine will ease you,
 And release you
 From your pain.

The Sordid FAIR.

YOUTH and age for *Celia* strove,
Celia ask'd a proof of love;
 Age with wealth the fair ador'd,
 Youth with constant love was stor'd:
 But she, as women ever do,
 To love was false, to int'rest true.

ADVICE



ADVICE well Taken.

CANTATA.

ON fam'd *Arcadia's* flow'ry plains,
The gay *Pastora* once was heard to sing,
Close by a fountain's crystal spring
She warbled out her merry strains.

*Shepherds, wou'd you hope to please us,
You must every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teize us,
Often laugh, and sometimes die ;
Soft denyals
Are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.*

*Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate :
He sigh'd, she smil'd ; he kneel'd and pray'd,
She frown'd ; he rose and walk'd away ;
But soon returning, look'd more gay,
And sung, and danc'd, and on his pipe
A chearful echo play'd :*

Pastora

*Pastora fled to a shady grove,
 Damon view'd her,
 And pursu'd her,
 Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love;
 The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
 That Damon run as swift as she.*

The Happy SWAIN.

THREE nymphs glad *Damon's* heart reviv'd,
 Or are they graces three?
 Where beauty, wit, and truth abide,
 From female arts and foolish pride,
 The sex's frailty, free.

No jealous cares their minds possess,
 He wears an easy chain;
 No chance can make his transports less,
 Each is a gentle shepherdess,
 And he a happy swain.

Let guilty fools their triumphs sing,
 O'er injur'd maids undone,
 Forget the joy, endure the sting,
 While endless peace and pleasure spring,
 From *Damon's* love alone.

The



The Charming MILK-MAID.

To the Tune of *Bright Aurelia.*

MARIA, when my sight you blefs,
Each morn beneath your cow,
How can the swain his joy exprefs,
To see thee in thy rural drefs,
And hear thee finging too?

Thy milk-white waistcoat, free from stain,
Denotes thy purer thought,
As clear from falshood as disdain;
And in thy soft and chearful strain,
My cares are all forgot.

Thy breath excels the breath of morn,
More fragrant than the hay;
Or flow'rs, tho' in thy bosom worn;
Or clover-grass, or green-ear'd corn;
Or cows, more sweet than they.

Thy modest cheeks out-blush the rose,
Whilst I thy charms recite;
Thy lips are cherries, eyes are floes,
And thy engaging smiles disclose
Two rows of iv'ry white.

But

But oh, the burden of my song!

Those charms may fall a prey,
And be commanded right or wrong,
By some dull clown, whose vulgar tongue
Can neither sing nor fay.

The violet thus, that in the mead

Regal'd our smell, alas!
No more must rear its blooming head,
Stamp'd in by some black ox's tread,
Or chew'd with common grass.

The chearful mornings, once so blest,

Soft ev'nings too are o'er:
Ye cows, whose teats *Maria* prest,
Farewel, my pipe has done its best;
Maria smiles no more.

The FOLLY of LOVE.

LOVE's a trifling silly passion,

Often teizing,
Seldom pleasing,
If we're constant sure to cloy:
Let us follow inclination;
Always ranging,
Ever changing,
Brings a fresh supply of joy.

The



The Wavering FAIR ONE.

I SPY *Celia*, *Celia* eyes me,
I approach her, but she flies me ;
I pursue, more coy I find her ;
I seem colder, then she's kinder.

Her eyes charm me, my words move her,
She esteems me, and I love her ;
In not blessing, most she blesses,
And not possessing, each possesses.

Now she blushes, I grow bolder ;
She wou'd leave me, but I hold her ;
She grows angry, I appease her ;
I am ruder, then I please her.

Her eyes charm me, my words move her,
She esteems me, and I love her ;
In not blessing, most she blesses,
And not possessing, each possesses.



*The* RESOLUTION.

No longer, *Damon*, I'll repine
At *Celia's* cold disdain;
'Tis sprightly, healing, ruddy wine,
Shall ease my heart of pain.

No, no, no longer I'll pursue
The faithless sex in vain;
The ripen'd grape shall joys renew,
And ease my heart of pain.

The racking thoughts of anxious love
Shall ne'er torment my brain;
No more the tyrant god shall move,
And vex my heart in vain.

To sacred friendship I'll resign
The coming part of life;
Kind *Damon*, and the swelling vine,
Prefer before a wife.

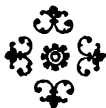
*The*



The PANGS of LOVE.

OH! what pangs are felt in love!
Swains complaining,
Nymphs disdaining,
Oh! what pangs are felt in love!
 'Tis a passion there's no refraining;
But when-e'er the nymphs prove kind,
And relieve the tortur'd mind,
What endless bliss the captives find,
 Reliev'd from their complaining!

Haste, thou blind deluding boy,
 Wing'd with pleasure,
 Seek my treasure,
Glee to my arms decoy,
 Fly, give her thoughts no leisure;
Bind her with the softest chain,
 Tho' too long she's gi'n me pain,
 Oh, make her to indulge her swain,
For she alone's my treasure.



COLIN'S



COLIN'S Request.

HELP me, each harmonious grove,
Gently whisper, all ye trees,
Tune each warbling throat to love,
And cool each mead with softest breeze.

Breathe sweet odours, every flow'r,
All your various paintings show;
Pleasing verdure grace each bow'r,
Around let every blessing flow.

Glide, ye limpid brooks, along,
Phæbus, glance thy mildest ray;
Murm'ring floods, repeat my song,
And tell what *Colin* dare not say.

Celia comes! whose charming air
Fires with love the rural swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming fair,
That *Colin* dies if she disdains.

*The*



The DAME of HONOUR.

SINCE now the world's turn'd upside down,
And all things chang'd in nature,
As if a doubt were newly grown,
We had the same creator;
Of ancient modes, and former ways,
I'll teach you, first, the manner,
In good queen *Bess's* golden days,
When I was a maid of honour.

I had an ancient noble feat,
Tho' now 'tis come to ruin,
Where mutton, beef, and such good meat
In th' hall were daily chewing;
Of humming beer my cellar full,
I was the yearly donor,
Where toping knaves had many a pull:
When I was a dame of honour.

My men, of homespun honest grays,
- Had coats and comely badges,
They wore no dirty ragged lace,
Nor e'er complain'd for wages.
For gaudy fringe and silks o'th' town,
I fear'd no threatning dinner,
But wore a decent grogram gown,
When I was a dame of honour.

I never thought *Cantharides*
Ingredient good in posset;
Nor ever stript me to my stays,
To play the punt at basset;
In *Ratasia* ne'er made debauch,
Nor reel'd like toping gunner;
Nor let my mercer seize my coach,
When I was a dame of honour.

I still preserv'd my maiden fame,
In spite of oaths and lying,
Tho' many a long-chin'd youngster came,
And fain wou'd be enjoying;
My fan to guard my lips I kept,
From *Cupid's* lewd o'er-runner,
And many a *Roman* nose I rapt,
When I was a dame of honour.

My curling locks I never bought,
Of beggar's dirty daughters,
Nor, prompted by a wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my garters:
I never glow'd with painted pride,
Like punk when the devil has won her;
Nor prov'd a cheat to be a bride,
When I was a dame of honour.

My neighbours still I treated round,
And strangers that came near me,
The poor too always welcome found,
Whose pray'rs did still endear me:

Let

Let therefore who at court wou'd be
No churl, nor yet no fawner,
Match, in old hospitality,
Queen *Bess's* dame of honour.

LOVE with CAUTION preferr'd.

FLAVIA wou'd, but dare not venture,
Fear so much o'er-rules her passion;
Cloe suffers all to enter,
Fame subjects to inclination:
Neither's method I admire,
Either is in love displeasing;
Cloe's fondness gluts desire,
Flavia's cowardice is teizing.

Celia by a wiser measure,
In one faithful swain's embraces,
Pays a private debt to pleasure;
Yet for chaste, in publick, passes.
Fair ones, follow *Celia's* notion,
Free from fear and censure wholly,
Love, but let it be with caution,
For extreams are shame or folly.



*The SNIPE.*

To the Tune of *The Abbot of Canterbury.*

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true,
 A story that's dismal, and comical too;
 It is of a fryar, who some people think,
 Tho' as sweet as a nut, might have dy'd of a stink.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The fryar wou'd often go out with his gun,
 And tho' no good marksman, he thought himself one;
 For tho' he for ever was wont to miss aim,
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.

Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young *Peter*, a friend of the fryar's,
 With legs arm'd with leather, for fear of the briars,
 Went out with him once, tho' it signifies not,
 Where he hir'd his gun, or who tick'd for the shot.

Derry down, &c.

Away these two trudg'd it, o'er hills and o'er dales;
 They pop'd at the partridges, frighten'd the quails;
 But, to tell you the truth, no great mischief was done,
 Save spoiling the proverb, *As sure as a gun.*

Derry down, &c.

But

But at length a poor snipe flew direct in the way,
In open defiance, as if he wou'd say,
' If only the fryar and *Peter* are there,
' I'll fly where I list, there's no reason to fear.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' little he thought that his death was so nigh,
Yet *Peter*, by chance, fetch'd him down from on high;
His shot was ram'd down with a journal, I wist,
The first time he charg'd so improper with *Mist*.

Derry down, &c.

Then on both sides the speeches began to be made,
As -- I beg your acceptance. --- Oh! no, sir, indeed ---
I beg that you wou'd, sir. --- For both wisely knew,
That one snipe cou'd ne'er be a supper for two.

Derry down, &c.

What the fryar declin'd in most civil sort,
Peter slipt in his pocket, --- the de'el take him for't;
But were the truth known, 'twou'd plainly appear,
He oft-times had found a longer *bill* there.

Derry down, &c.

Hid in his pocket, the snipe safely lay,
While a week did pass over his head, and a day,
Till the ropes for a toast too offensive were grown,
And were smelt out by every nose but his own.

Derry down, &c.

The

The fryar look'd wholesome, it must be agreed,
So no one cou'd say, whence the stink shou'd proceed;
Where the stink might be laid, tho' no one cou'd say,
'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.

Derry down, &c.

At sight of the fryar began the perfume,
And scarce he appear'd, but he scented the room:
Snuff-boxes were held in the highest esteem,
And all the wry faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the place he was in, it was call'd this and that;
In his room 'twas a close-stool, or else a dead rat;
In the fields where he walk'd, for some carrion 'twas
guess'd;

'Twas a fart at the angel, and pass'd for a jest.

Derry down, &c.

At length the suspicion fell thick on poor Tray,
Till he took to his heels, and with speed ran away:
Thought the fryar, Poor Tray, I'll remember thee soon;
If I live to grow sweet I'll give thee a bone.

Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor Tray was highly abus'd,
And, if any, himself thus deserv'd to be us'd;
For 'twas certainly he, —who else cou'd he think?—
'Twas certainly he, that must make all the stink.

Derry down, &c.

So

So when he came home, he sat down on his bed,
His elbow at distance supported his head:
His body long while like a pendulum went;
But all he cou'd do did not alter the scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hypp'd, he got up, and pull'd off his cloaths,
He peep'd in his breeches, and smelt to his hose,
And the very next morning fresh cloaths he put on,
All, all but a waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

But changing his cloaths did not alter the case,
And so he stunk on for three weeks and three days;
Till to send for a doctor he thought it most meet;
For tho' he was not, his *life* it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The doctor he came, felt his pulse in a trice;
Then crept at a distance to give his advice:
But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging wou'd do,
For instead of one stink, this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The fryar oft-times to his glass wou'd repair,
But to death he was frighten'd when-e'er he came there;
His eyes were so shrunk, and he look'd so aghast,
He verily thought he was stinking his last.

Derry down, &c.

So

So for credit he hastens to burn all his prose,
 And into the fire his verses he throws ;
 When, searching his pockets to make up the pile,
 He found out the snipe, that had stunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholesome again,
 Since his waistcoat discovers the cause of his pain:
 To conclude, the poor fryar intreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet had you been in his
coat.
Derry down, &c.

The Merry Wretched MAN.

To beauty born a willing slave,
 A merry wretched man,
 I slight the nymph I cannot have,
 Nor doat on those I can.

This constant maxim still I hold,
 To baffle all despair,
 The absent, ugly are and old ;
 The present, young and fair.

The



The Happy RENCOUNTER. A Dialogue.

She. O H! *Love*, if a god thou wilt be,
Do justice in favour of me,
For yonder approaching I see
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With fighting, and toying,
And crying, and lying,
And such kind of foolery.

He. Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleasure to meet you here;
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do ye no harm I swear.

She. My mother is spinning at home,
My father works hard at his loom,
And we here a milking are come:
Their dinner they want;
Pray, gentleman, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront;
We're none of the town,
Will lie down for a crown:
Then away, sir, and give us room.

He. By *Phæbus*, by *Jove*,
 By honour, by love,
 I'll do ye, dear sweet, no harm :
 You're as fresh as a rose,
 I want one of those ;
 Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm !

She. And can you then, like the old rule,
 Be conjugal, honest, and dull,
 And marry, and look like a fool ?
 For I must be plain,
 All tricks are in vain,
 'There's nothing can gain
 'The thing you'd obtain,
 But moving, and proving,
 By wedding, true loving ;
 My lesson I learn't at school.

He. I'll do't by this hand ;
 I've houses, I've land,
 Estate too in good freehold ;
 My dear, let us join,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold.

She. You make me to blush now I vow ;
 Oh lord ! shall I baulk my cow ?
 But since the late oath you have sworn,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me,
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three ;
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

The



The BATTLE of AUDENARD. 1708.

YE commons and peers,
 Pray lend me your ears,
 I'll sing you a song, if I can,
 How *Lewis le Grand*
 Was put to a stand,
 By the arms of our gracious queen *Ann*.

How his army so great
 Had a total defeat,
 And close by the river *Dender* ;
 Where his grandchildren twain,
 For fear of being slain,
 Gallop'd off with the popish pretender.

To a steeple on high,
 The battle to spy,
 Up mounted these clever young men ;
 But when, from the spire,
 They saw so much fire,
 Most cleverly came down again.

Then on horse-back they got,
 All on the same spot,
 By advice of their cousin *Vendoisme* ;
 Oh lord ! cry'd out he,
 Unto young *Burgundy*,
 Wou'd your brother and you were at home.

U 2

While

While this he did say,
Without more delay,
Away the young gentry fled ;
Whose heels, for that work,
Were much lighter than cork,
Tho' their hearts were as heavy as lead.

Not so did behave
Young *Hanover* brave,
In this bloody field, I assure ye ;
When his war-horse was shot,
He valu'd it not,
But fought it on foot like a fury.

Full firmly he stood,
As became his high blood,
Which runs in his veins so blue ;
For this gallant young man,
Being a-kin to queen *Ann*,
Did as, were she a man, she wou'd do.

While death flew about,
Aloud he call'd out,
Ho ! you chevalier of *St. George*,
If you'll neither stand,
By sea nor by land,
Pretender, that title you forge.

What

What a racket was here,
I think 'twas last year,
For a little misfortune in *Spain*?
But by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the putts in,
To lose all they're worth this campaign.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To monsieur we lent,
With interest they shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing,
With her sorrowful king,
Nunc dimittis, instead of *Te Deum*.

From this dream of success,
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the sound of great *Marlborough's* drums;
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* still,
But 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

Oh *Lewis*, perplex'd,
What general next?
Thou hast hitherto chang'd in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new one is found,
He shall beat 'em all over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* ale,
At every meal,
And good pudding and beef in's belly.

But as losers at play
Their dice throw away,
While the winners do still win on :
Let who will command,
Thou had'st better disband,
For, old bully, thy doctors are gone.

The Delighted Lover.

CELIA now is all my song,
And all the language of my tongue;
Of every waking thought the theme,
And vision too of every dream :
When her I sing, myself I please ;
And talking of her am at ease :
Only to think on her, I'd wish to wake ;
And slumber only for the vision's sake.

MINDS



MINDS not Free.

YE beaus of pleasure,
Whose wit, at leisure,
Can count love's treasure,
Its joy and smart :
At my desire,
With me retire,
To know what fire
Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted
With beauty's ray :
Aurora shews ye
No face so rosy,
No *July's* posy
So fresh and gay.

Her skin, by nature,
No ermine better,
Tho' that fine creature
Is white as snow ;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing tresses
As black as floe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender;
 Some god commend her,

My wit's too low:
 'Twere joyful plunder,
 To bring her under;
 She's all a wonder,
 From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
 To quote dull pages,
 That in all ages,

Our minds are free:
 Tho' great your skill is,
 So strong the will is,
 My love for *Phyllis*
 Must ever be.

The INFERENCE.

TH'E cares of lovers, their alarms,
 Their sighs, their tears, have pow'rful charms:
 And if so sweet their torment is,
 Ye gods! how ravishing the bliss!
 So soft, so gentle is their pain,
 Tis ev'n a pleasure to complain.

The

*The Distress'd* SHEPHERD.

I AM a poor shepherd undone,
And cannot be cur'd by art,
For a nymph as bright as the sun
Has stole away my heart ;
And how to get it again
There's none but she can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By saying she loves me well ;
*And alas ! poor shepherd, alack, and a well-a-day,
Before I was in love, oh ! every month was May.*

If to love she cou'd not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hour ;
To die, says she, 'tis in thine,
But to love 'tis not in my-power :
I ask'd her the reason why
She cou'd not of me approve ?
She said, 'Twas a task too hard,
To give any reason for love ;
*And alas ! poor shepherd, alack, and a well-a-day,
Before I was in love, oh ! every month was May.*

She

She ask'd me of my estate ;
 I told her a flock of sheep,
 The grafs whereon they graze,
 Where she and I might sleep,
 Besides a good ten pound,
 In old king *Harry's* groats ;
 With hooks and crooks abound,
 And birds of sundry notes ;
And alas ! poor shepherd, alack, and a well-a-day,
Before I was in love, oh ! every month was May.

Charming STREPHON.

AH ! *Strephon*, charming youth, forbear
 Thy words of melting love ;
 Thy eyes thy language well may spare,
 One dart enough can move ;
 Thro' every vein each glance like light'ning flies,
 And all relief to yielding love denies.

Oh! cease with sighs to wound my soul,
 Or press me with thy hand ;
 Who can the kindling fire controul,
 The tender force withstand ?
 For she that hears thy voice, and sees thy eyes,
 With too much pleasure, too much softness, dies.

The



The Provident D A M S E L.

As fiddlers and archers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves merit,
Will always provide them two strings to their bow,
And manage their bus'ness with spirit :

So likewise the provident damsel shou'd do,
Who wou'd make the best use of her beauty :
If the mark she wou'd hit, or her lesson play through,
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,
Thus far our revenge we may carry :
One spark, for our sport, we may jilt and set by ;
And t'other, poor soul! we may marry.

The DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

IN *London* town there liv'd, well known,
A doctor old and wary,
A daughter fair was all his care,
How to dispose and marry :
This daughter, she, as all agree,
Was wond'rous neat and pretty :
Ye parents dear, I pray draw near,
And listen unto my dirty.

The

The doctor bent with full intent,
 A country 'squire shou'd have her ;
 For he had pence instead of sense,
 Which gain'd this old man's favour ;
 The daughter she wou'd not agree ;
 This was no match for *Kitty* :
 Ye maidens all, too apt to fall,
 Come listen unto my ditty.

A neighb'ring spark, a lawyer's clerk ;
 This fair maid's heart obtain'd ;
 With love and truth, the gentle youth
 All her affections gain'd :
 The doctor he wou'd not agree,
 Alas ! and more the pity :
 Ye lovers true, altho' but few,
 Come listen unto my ditty.

The 'squire address'd, the doctor press'd,
 But cou'd not bring her over ;
 She each defies, and both denies,
 Nor will she lose her lover :
 The lover flew, when this he knew,
 And runs away with *Kitty* :
 Thus soon, my love, I hope to prove
 The fact of this my ditty.



The



The Generous L A S S.

Occasion'd by the preceding SONG.

WHERE, on the stage, mock hero's rage,
Distress'd by adverse fortune;
Where wanton things, by secret springs,
Move quick behind the curtain:
There you may hear, if you can bear,
Bad tunes to a worfe ditty;
What shame it is, such stuff as this
Shou'd e'er be sung of *Kitty*?

For *Kitty* was a gen'rous lass,
As you find by the story;
A stranger to all fordid view,
A nymph cut out for glory:
Altho' her dad was raving mad,
To match her with a looby;
Because his pence outshone his sense,
She gave 'em both the go-by.

Thus wisely done, she ventur'd on
A comely youth that lov'd her;
No other art cou'd gain her heart,
'Twas love that always mov'd her:
In wedlock she knew to agree,
Was worth a mint of money:
By honest means both gain'd their ends,
And made their moon all honey.

Then, maidens fair, to wed forbear,
 When gold is all the motive ;
 Lest you shou'd find the change unkind,
 And of all joys abortive :
 Let *Kitty's* choice direct your voice,
 When-e'er you say, you'll marry ;
 Else, ten to one, you're all undone,
 And of your aims miscarry.

The Way to be Gay.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 I'll shew ye what 'tis to be gay ;
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away :
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasanter when he is mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
 But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
 'Tis women that make us blind, boys,
 But wine makes us doubly see.
 The female is true to no man,
 Deceit is inherent to woman,
 But none in a brimmer can be.

The



The DREAM Verified.

THYRSIS, afflicted with love and despair,
Reclin'd on the bank of a murmuring stream,
Found, in soft slumbers, release from his care,
And fancy presented a flattering dream.

Blooming, and blushing, consenting, and gay,
Cloris, in vision, appear'd to his sight ;
Down by the side of her shepherd she lay,
And languishing looks his embrace did invite.

Raptur'd with joy, he extends his vain arms,
Eager to clasp the kind pitying fair ;
But, waking, finds 'em devoid of her charms,
And all his fond hopes, but delusion and air.

Oh ! why do I wake to new torment ? he cry'd,
Sleep only brings ease to my amorous mind ;
Still in its bands let my senses be ty'd,
Since only in dreams my fair *Cloris* is kind.

Among the thick rushes and willows conceal'd,
Cloris, who heard the complaint of her swain,
At once both herself and her passion reveal'd,
And vow'd he no longer shou'd languish in vain.

Then

Then down by the side of her shepherd she lay,
All on the gay bank of the murmuring stream;
Swift flew the moments in transport away,
And something was done that was more than a dream.

The Folly SAILOR.

HAUL, haul away, haul away,
Let your anchors be weighing,
Haul, haul away, and be steering,
Ere the wind shall be veering;
Time and tide will admit no delaying.

Abroad with your flags, your streamers display,
While the full swelling sea shall befriend ye:
Not a storm by the sea, nor a rock by the way,
Not a storm nor a rock shall offend ye,

Whilst we fathom and sound.
Let our glaſs then go round,
Let us drink, let us revel and roar;
Whilst the coast is in view,
Our mirth shall renew,
And give the boon lads their kind welcome ashore.



PEGGY'S



P E G G Y ' s Mill.

BENEATH a green shade, I found a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still-o,
 Alow and wi' love, my fancy did rove,
 Around her wi' gud will-o:
 Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'd na my joy to spill-o;
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill-o.

Oblig'd by command, in *Flanders* to land,
 To shew my courage and skill-o,
 Fraer quickly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the billow:
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame.
 Tald me, with a voice right shrill-o,
 My kifs, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor ken'd who'd done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her charms, my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell-o?
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet sir, gin I can tell-o:
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expell-o,
 And no mair look wan, for I was the man,
 Wha'd done her the deed mysell-o.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the shilling hill-o
 If I did offence, ise make ye amends,
 Before I leave *Peggy's* mill-o.
 Oh the mill, mill, oh ! and the kill, kill-o,
 And the coging of the wheel-o ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round wi' a sodger reel-o.

CUPID'S Captivity.

As *Cupid*, roguishly, one day,
 Had all alone stole out to play,
 The muses caught the little knave,
 And captive love to beauty gave.

The laughing dame soon miss'd her son,
 And here and there distracted run ;
 And still, his liberty to gain,
 Offers his ransom : but in vain,
 The willing pris'ner hugs his chain,
 And vows he'll ne'er be free,
 And vows he'll ne'er be free,
 No, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.



BELINDA'S



BELINDA'S Power.

BELINDA's black commanding eye
Compels my heart to love her;
Ah, *Cupid*, then my tongue supply
With all thy arts to move her;
Soft words, and moving sounds,
To melt her soul to pleasure;
Her pleasure 'tis must heal my wounds,
And bless me above measure.

Belinda hears my am'rous song,
For her alone I languish;
Ah! then no more forbid my tongue
To tell my raging anguish:
Ah! pity shew, or else I die,
And so you lose a lover,
Immortal, if within your eye,
Compliance I discover.





The Stray HEART.

MY heart is every beauty's prey,
 And does my pow'r disown ;
 I ne'er cou'd keep it one whole day,
 And now 't has been so long away,
 I know not where 'tis flown.

But if the fair, that finds this stray,
 Will kindly give it room ;
 Or teach it better to obey,
 Her care with double thanks I'll pay,
 And take the rambler home.

The Charming WHISPERER.

WHEN my *Aurelia* smiles she wounds me,
 With a smooth shaft that I embrace ;
 When she speaks, yet more confounds me,
 Her words do slide with such a grace :
 From that soft voice what can defend me ?
 Such lively sense does from it flow,
 All other wit does now offend me,
 Since by kind whispers hers I know.

BACCHUS'S



BACCHUS'S Inspiration.

HARK! how the songsters of the grove
Sing anthems to the god of love;
Hark! how each am'rous winged pair,
With love's great praises, fill the air;
On every side the charming sound
Does from the hollow woods rebound.

Love, in their little veins, inspires,
Their chearful notes, their soft desires;
While heat makes buds and blossoms spring,
Those pretty couples love and sing;
But winter puts out their desire,
And half the year they want love's fire.

But ah! how much are our delights more dear?
For only human kind love all the year.

Hence with your trifling deity,
A greater we adore;
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.
Love makes you languish, and look pale,
And sneak, and sigh, and whine:
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty wine.

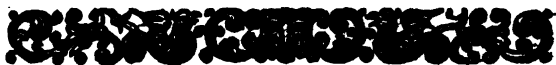
SCORN

*SCORN preferr'd to KINDNESS.*

I FEAR'D your love, I know you're fair,
That might have caus'd my pain;
My grateful heart cou'd not forbear,
But must have lov'd again.
The sullen scorn your eyes impart;
I wou'd much rather have;
Your haughty pride has freed that heart
Your kindness might enslave.

As when winds rage, and seas grow high,
They friendly bid beware;
But when they're smooth, and calm the sky,
'Tis then they wou'd ensnare:
So tenderness our hearts beguiles,
Whilst scorn our freedom crowns;
There is more danger in your smiles,
Than can be in your frowns.

*The*



The Doubting LOVER.

CORINNA, with innocence, beauty, and wit,
Every sense does invade,
And my reason persuade,

And with pleasure compels me my reason to quit;
Tho' my tongue has pretended to serve and adore,
I find my heart ne'er was in earnest before;
But so bright are her charms, all my hopes I distrust;
My want of desert makes my jealousy just:
If the joys her eyes promise I ne'er must obtain,
Let 'em quickly determine my doubts by disdain;
I am none of those fools who can sigh and complain;
But if she can betray me, my fate let me meet,
Let me live in her arms, or die at her feet.

The CONTEST.

WHEN *Daphne* first her shepherd saw,
A sudden trembling seiz'd her;
Honour her wandering looks did awe;
She durst not view what pleas'd her.

When at her feet he sighing lay,
She found her heart complying;
Yet wou'd not let her love give way,
To save her swain from dying.

The

The little god stood laughing by,
To see her dextrous feigning;
He bid the blushing fair comply,
The shepherd leave complaining.

Advice to CELIA.

If, *Celia*, you had youth at will,
And long cou'd hoard the fleeting treasure,
You might be coy and cruel still,
And awhile delay your pleasure.

But your youth is swiftly flying,
And your charms will soon be dying,
And then you'll use inviting arts in vain,
Your love will give no joy, your scorn will give no
pain.

Use your time then, use the blessing,
Lose no hour without possessing;
For when the first tumultuous bliss is past,
There still remains a joy that will for ever last.



The



The Impatient VIRGIN.

LORD! what's come to my mother,
That every day more than other,
My true age she wou'd smother,
And says I'm not in my teens?

Tho' my sampler I've sewn through,
My bib and my apron outgrown too,
My baby quite away thrown too,

I wonder what 'tis she means:

When our *John* does squeeze my hand,
And calls me sugar-sweet,

My breath almost fails me,

I know not what ails me,

My heart does so heave and so beat.

I have heard of desires,

From girls that have just been of my years,
Love compar'd to sweet-briars,

That hurts, and yet does please;

Is love finer than money?

Or can it be sweeter than honey?

I'm, poor girl, such a toney,

Evads, that I cannot guess:

But I'm sure, I'll watch more near,

There's something that truth will show;

For if love be a blessing,

To please, beyond kissing,

Our *Jane* and our butler do know.



The Agreeable NEGATIVE.

THERE was an a swain full fair,
 Was tripping it over the grass,
 And there he spy'd, with her nut-brown hair,
 A pretty tight country lass :
 Fair damsel, said he,
 With an air brisk and free,
 Come let us each other know :
 She blush'd in his face,
 And reply'd with a grace,
 Pray forbear, sir ; no, no, no, no.

The lad, being bolder grown,
 Endeavour'd to steal a kiss ;
 She cry'd, Push --- let me alone !
 But held up her nose for the bliss ;
 And when he begun,
 She wou'd never have done,
 But unto his lips she did grow :
 Near smother'd to death,
 As soon as she'd breath,
 She stammer'd out, No, no, no, no.

Come, come, says he, pretty maid,
 Let's walk to yon private grove,
Cupid always delights in the cooling shade,
 There I'll read thee a lesson, of love ;

She

She mends her pace,
And hastes to the place:
But if her lecture you'd know,
Let a bashful young muse,
Plead the maiden's excuse,
And answer you, No, no, no, no.

The ROVER Fix'd.

LONG from the force of beauty's charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no grief, felt no alarms;
Reserv'd to fall, and fall by thee.

Thou, fair one, thou alone canst move,
This passion in my breast;
Thou, thou alone canst teach me love,
Oh, teach me to be blest!

In safety thus from all alarms,
The roving turtle flies,
Till some unerring hand conveys
The shaft by which he dies.





Wisdom no Recommendation to the Ladies.

I AM, cry'd *Apollo*, (when *Daphne* he woo'd,
And, panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
The long list of graces his godship possess :)

' I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;
Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays :
' I'm the god of the harp ; stop, my fairest : ' in vain ;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, cou'd fetch her again.

' Every plant, every flow'r, and their virtues, I know ;
' God of light I'm above, and of physick below : '
At the dreadful word *physick*, the nymph fled more fast ;
At the fatal word *physick* she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase ;
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays ;
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.





The RECONCILIATION.

A DIALOGUE.

She. **H**OLD, *John*, ere you leave me, i'troth I will
 know,
 Whither, so smugg'd up, thus early, you go,
 With clean hands and face;
 Best band with a lace,
 Your Sunday's apparel, when you shou'd go plough;
 So trim, none wou'd think you a married man now.
But, John, ere you leave me, &c.

He. Go, *Joan*, I won't tell you; to lead a sweet life:
 I've learn't of my betters, to steal from my wife:
 Mayhap with my neighbour I'll dust it away;
 Mayhap play at putt, or some other such play.

She. I guess at what game you'd be playing to day.

He. Don't plague me, the devil's in woman I think:
 I tell thee, *Joan*, I'm going, I'm going to drink.
 Come, pr'ythee don't think that I've no more grace;
 Nay, go! or I'll hit thee a dowce in the face.

She. You! I'll find somebody then shall strike in your
 Why shou'd you deny me, I never did you? [place
 Because I a'n't new, you won't give me my due:
 But troth if you won't, another shall do.

He. If thus, if thus, if thus you e'er do,

Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your
booby and you.

She. If thus, if thus, if thus you e'er do,

Oh! how I'll belabour, oh! how I'll belabour your
trollop and you.

Both. If thus, if thus, &c.

She. Well, *John*, do not go,

And I won't do so;

Do not go, do not go, my *Johnny*,

My dear, my precious, my honey,

Oh pray do not go,

I won't, I won't do so,

He. Adfnigs! by that bus I'm inveigled to stay;

Come, *Joan*, come and spoil my straying to day.

She. Come, *John*, give's thy best band,

And lend me thy hand.

He. Here, *Joan*, take my best band,

And give me thy hand.

Thus 'tis with you women.

She. 'Tis just so with you men.

He. When-e'er you fall out,

She. When-e'er you fall out,

Both. It is to fall in again;

When-e'er we fall out,

When-e'er we fall out,

It is to fall in again.

The



The Wise L A D Y's Choice.

SHOU'D I once change my mind, as I hope I ne'er shall,
 Oh, ye gods, grant that I lose not my reason and all,
 But may summons up all my discretion to prove,
 That desert was the motive induc'd me to love:
 May my spark be endu'd with the charms of the mind:
 For to outward perfections I ne'er was inclin'd:
 Without affectation, I'd have him well-bred,
 Genteel, but not apish; wise enough to be head;
 Sincere, chaste, and sober, whose affections won't vary:
 Such a one wou'd I have, if ever I marry:
 May he have wealth enough from want to preserve us,
 And that with content will sufficiently serve us.

Folly of Passive L O V E R S.

DID our sighing lovers know,
 What a pain we undergo,
 Sweeter wou'd their wooing prove,
 Shorter were the way to love.

Unkind commands when they obey,
 We suffer more, much more, than they:
 And to rebel were kinder still,
 Than to obey against our will.



Man's Love the Cause of Womens Disdain.

IN a cool refreshing shade,
 Fit for melancholick lovers,
 Poor *Damon*, jilted and betray'd,
 Thus his swelling griefs discovers :

Why do men thus seek their ruin ?
 Begging makes them be deny'd ;
 Whining, sighing, formal wooing,
 But increase the sex's pride.

Were we all not fool'd by beauty,
 Woman soon wou'd know her duty,
 Wisely follow sense and nature,
 Then she'd be a charming creature.

Affix'd to the Gate of the Opera-House.

HERE the deities approve
 (The gods of musick and of love)
 All the talents they have lent you,
 All the blessings they have sent you ;
 Pleas'd to see what they bestow
 Live and thrive so well below.

FANNY



FANNY KNAP.

O H! were *Thursday* but come, I wou'd run to my
And throw off my gown and my cap; [room.
To *Abingdon* go, as spruce as a beau,
To dance with my fair *Fanny Knap*.

Let other men strole from hence to the pole;
And search every part of the map;
I'm sure they'll ne'er find, among woman kind,
One so lovely as fair *Fanny Knap*.

Had I genius and fire, such as erst did inspire
The bosom of *Blackmore* and *Trap*,
Oh how! like any thing, wou'd I carrol, and sing
The praises of fair *Fanny Knap*.

Not gay *Wilks's* heart, when he tops *Wildair's* part,
Receives so much joy from a clap;
As I, cou'd gold-finches, and a man o' my inches,
Commend me to fair *Fanny Knap*.

Let the sot boast his pleasure, who drinks beyond:
And sits all the day at the tap; [measure.
He's not half so happy, tho' drown'd in his nappy,
As I with my fair *Fanny Knap*.

As.

As you often have seen, a faggot when green,
 In the fire boiling over with sap;
 So my foolish fond heart, ferments in each part,
 While inflam'd by my fair *Fanny Knap*.

Not a child in the town, when nurse-maid is gone,
 So whimpers and cries for his pap;
 As I, when away the least part of the day,
 Lament for my fair *Fanny Knap*.

When duns at my door, at least half a score,
 Successively ply the round rap;
 I bid them away — for what he can pay
 Who's undone by his fair *Fanny Knap*?

The cobbler in his hole waxes sad to the *sole*,
 If he chance for to lose but his *strap*;
 Alas! so I shall lose my *end* and my *aul*,
 If at *last* I lose fair *Fanny Knap*.

The butcher his meat, that we sweetly may eat,
 From fly-blows defends with a flap;
 So I'd have you to know, I'll butcher that beau,
 That does fly-blow my fair *Fanny Knap*.

Some, inflam'd with desire, of sweet figs in the fire,
 Burn boldly at fam'd dragon-flap;
 More vent'rous am I, thro' the flames of her eye,
 To catch at my fair *Fanny Knap*.

I saw.

I saw t'other day, and envy'd poor *Tray*,
When she threw from her table a scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a rogue, if I'd not be a dog,
To be fed by my fair *Fanny Knap*.

Were she once set to sale, as her charms cou'd not fail
To bring her in many a chap;
I'd defy any pow'r, less than *Jove*, and his show'r,
To outbid me for fair *Fanny Knap*.

Tho' of all things I hate, to be damnably beat,
Yet methinks I cou'd bear a good slap;
Were the bargain but this, to be heal'd with a kiss,
From the lips of my fair *Fanny Knap*.

Hark! officious bright sun, when this stage you have
And retire to your *Thetis's* lap; [run.
To eternity stay—we can never want day,
While enlighten'd by fair *Fanny Knap*.

Poor *Swift*, on a time, at a loss for a rhyme,
Was supply'd by a very good hap;
Let him now by his skill, or the help of his de'cl,
Find another for fair *Fanny Knap*.

P. S. My muse ran so fast, she had like, in her haste,
To have left in my sonnet a gap;
Tho' I doubt not the dean, if this — he had seen,
Wou'd have stopt it for fair *Fanny Knap*.

The



The THIEF and CORDELIER.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, must needs know the
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [*Greve*.
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
 To ease hero's pains by a halter and gibbet,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
 And the hangman compleats what the judge but begun :
 There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post;
 Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
 more crost, *Derry down, &c.*

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
 And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own :
 But my hearers cry out, What a duce dost thou ail?
 Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale,
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
 And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause;
 A *Norman* of late was oblig'd to repair,
 And who to assist, but a grave cordelier,
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire whose good grace was to open the scene,
 Seem'd not in great haste, that the shew shou'd begin :
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
 And often took leave, but was loth to depart,
Derry down, &c. What

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest:
You murther'd; are sorry; and have been confest:
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murther'd, but that I was taken,
Derry down, &c.

Pho! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies,
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You've only to die; let the church do the rest,
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend, to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd in a fright,
He that's hang'd afore noon, ought to think of to-night:
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup,
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, how-e'er sumptuous the treat,
Parblew, I shall have little stomach to eat:
I shou'd therefore esteem it great favour, and grace,
Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my place,
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast, I propos'd to you, I can't taste,
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast,
Derry down, &c.

The

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
 Dispatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome blade :
 For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
 And we live by the gold, for which other men die,
Derry down &c.

Je ne sçay quoy.

ALL own the young *Sylvia* is fatally fair,
 All own the young *Sylvia* is pretty,
 Confess her good nature, and easy soft air ;
 Nay, more, that she's wanton and witty :
 Yet all these keen arrows at *Damon* still cast,
 Cou'd never his quiet destroy,
 Till the cunning coquet shot me flying at last,
 By a *je ne sçay, je ne sçay quoy.*

So tho' the young *Sylvia* were not very fair,
 Tho' she were but indifferently pretty,
 Much wanting *Aurelia* or *Celia*'s soft air,
 But not the dull sense of the city :
 Yet still the dear creature wou'd please without doubt,
 And give one abundance of joy,
 Since all that is missing is mainly made out,
 By a *je ne sçay, je ne sçay quoy.*

The

*The Kind TRAITOR.**Written by a LADY.*

I've strove in vain; here, take my heart;
But do not think your thanks are due,
For I had first try'd every art

Th' invading passion to subdue;
For succour, fell to wit and pride,
But both, alas! their aid deny'd:
And reason too her weakness has confess'd,
Unable to dislodge th' imperious guest.

How swiftly does the poison spread!

How soon 't has seiz'd each noble part!
Wildly it rages in my head,

Like tides of fire consumes my heart.
Yet think not that you conqu'ror are,
By the wise conduct of the war:
There was a traitor took your part within,
And gave you, *Strephon*, what you cou'd not win.



CUPID



CUPID *but the second Cause of LOVE.*

TELL me no more of *Cupid's* bow,
His shafts and quiver I despise;
The wanton boy no hurt cou'd do,
Unless he borrow'd *Celia's* eyes.

A wrong to *Celia's* beauty 'tis
To say, that *Cupid* wounds the heart;
The god can't see, and so wou'd miss,
Did not the goddess aim the dart.

Let's not of him an idol make,
But own *Love's* pow'r where it is due;
The sov'reign stamp none can mistake;
Her's is the gold, and image too.

EMe we like frantick atheists live,
And justly may, like them, be curs'd,
Who all to second causes give,
And vainly dare deny the first.



JENNY'S



JENNY'S Virtue rewarded.

A DIALOGUE.

Fockey. FAIREST *Jenny*, thou mun love me.

Jenny. Troth, my bonny lad, I do.

Fockey. Gin thou saist thou dost approve me,
Dearest, thou mun kiss me too.

Jenny. Tawk a kiss or twa, good *Fockey*;

But I dare give nene, I trow :

Fie, nay, pish; be not unlucky ;

Wed me first, and aw will do.

Fockey. For aw *Fife*, and lands about it,

Is not yield thus to be bound.

Jenny. Nor I lig by thee without it,

For twa hundred thousand pound.

Fockey. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee.

Jenny. Better die than be undone.

Fockey. Gin 'tis so, come on, ise tawk thee :

'Tis too cold to lig alone.





Fatal DISPARITY.

WHEN *Cloe* was by *Damen* seen,
 What heart cou'd be unmov'd?
 She look'd so like the *Cyprian* queen,
 He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain,
 And, full of grief and care,
 He knew he never cou'd obtain
 The lovely charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better swain;
 He not so fair a bride;
 Yet still he hug'd the fatal chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd.

Take pity then, thou lovely maid;
 For *Cloe's* case is thine;
 I dare not ask, so much I dread,
 Must *Damen's* fate be mine?



The



The SWEETS of MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in life so sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
Oh sweetest melancholy.

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a-sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves :
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls ;
A midnight bell, a parting groan ;
These are the sounds we feed upon :
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

**EMBLEMS of LOVE.**

Now the lusty spring is seen,
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view;
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lillies whiter than the snow;
Wood-binds of sweet honey full;
All love's emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.

Yet the lusty spring has staid,
Blushing red, and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid;
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding, gently to the waste:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.

The



The RAMP's Resolve against Virginity.

O H! I'll have a husband, ay, marry;
For why shou'd I longer tarry,
For why shou'd I longer tarry,
Than other brisk girls have done?
For if I stay, till I grow grey,
They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;
So I'll no longer tarry:
But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,
If money can buy me one.

My mother she says I'm too coming;
And still in my ears she is drumming,
And still in my ears she is drumming,
That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun:
My sisters they cry, Oh fye! and oh fye!
But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
So let me have husbands in plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old maid undone.

WOMENS



WOMENS *Time of Triumph.*

IN vain poor *Daman* prostrate lies,
 And humbly trembles at my feet,
 While pleading looks, and begging sighs,
 With moving eloquence intreat :
 Pity persuades my trembling breast,
 That pains so great shou'd be redrest.

But some strange whisper interceeds,
 And tells me, I must let him wait,
 And make him seal restrictive deeds,
 Ere I admit him to my state :
 Women shou'd triumph when they can,
 Since marriage makes 'em slaves to man.

Complete. HAPPINESS.

WHEN passion's ungovern'd by reason or art,
 And joys in idea transported my heart,
 Oh, how I delighted in lonely retreats!
 Where love and the muses had chosen their seats.

There oft was I wont the long days to consume,
 In wishing and promising pleasures to come ;
 But wishes and promises then were in vain,
 For youth was to me the sad season of pain.

Afflicted with sorrows of various sort,
I hated diversions, and irksome grew sport;
The only poor solace my life cou'd possess,
Was imaginations and dreams of success.

Sometimes to alleviate the weight of my woe;
I sip'd of the streams that from *Helicon* flow:
But musick and poetry soft'ned my heart,
Cou'd never content, and but seldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with distresses, and nigh to despair,
I, resolute, travell'd to breathe a new air;
In search of relief to my turbulent mind,
Left kindred, and country, and bus'ness behind:

But ah! cou'd a stranger, unfriended, and poor,
Expect what he sought-for wou'd come in an hour?
Improv'd was my anguish, redoubled my pain,
And trav'ling, like all other comforts, prov'd vain.

Yet patient and wiser I grew by degrees,
And learn'd due submission t' eternal decrees:
My passions subjected to reason's controul,
I found satisfaction break in on my soul.

And first to my wish, did I meet with a friend;
Who knew the world well, and right counsel wou'd
lend:
Brave, gen'rous, and witty; good-humour'd, and free,
Just, prudent, polite, and obliging to me.

In

In his conversation I sensibly found
My sufferings with portion of happiness crown'd :
Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat
My bliss, but a nymph, .soft, gay, and discreet.

I found one with beauty, good humour and wit,
Whose manners, and conduct my fancy did fit ;
The least of her sex by folly mislead,
The kindest companion, and true to my bed.

What more that I wish'd-for remains unbestow'd,
But fame and a fortune above the dull crowd ?
They are granted ; and nothing is now to be done,
But to make a right use of the happiness won.

Then far from the town, and the court I'll repair,
Accompany'd with my dear friend and my fair ;
My last scene of life in sweet solitude lay,
Prepare for next world, and steal gently away.

F I N I S.



